

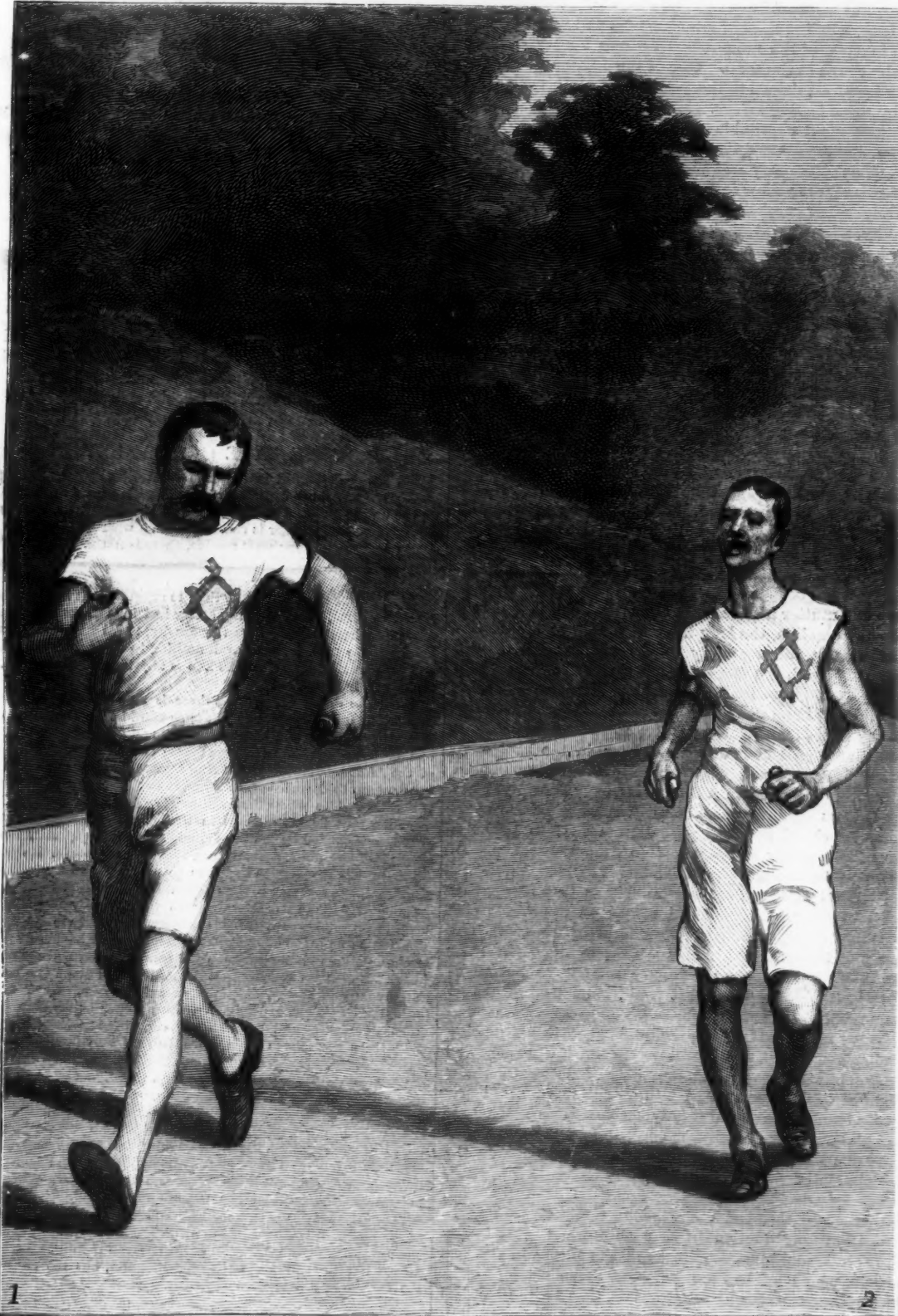


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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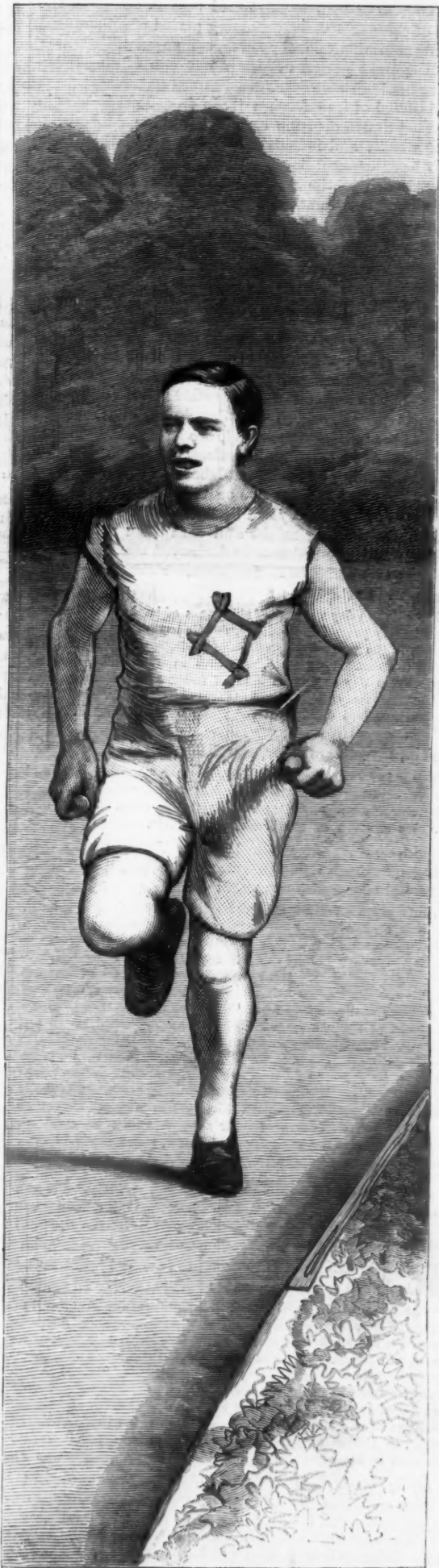


C. L. NICHOLL (1) AND E. D. LANGE (2) IN A WALKING RACE.

## DOINGS OF THE ATHLETES.

ATHLETIC sports continue to grow in the public favor, and probably there was never a time when the various associations were in a more generally flourishing condition than at present. For the next two months there are over twenty "fixtures," or positive dates announced for athletic meetings throughout the country, and this is by no means a complete representation of the activity in that line. One of the most notable meetings ever held in this country was that of the first annual championship games of

the new Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, at Detroit, Mich., on Thursday of last week. Of the 18 events, Manhattan A. C. won 7 and New York A. C. 4, while Pastime A. C., Olympic A. C., Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Queen's College, Cork, Ireland, Columbia A. C., Washington, D. C., and Wanderers' A. & C. C., Halifax, Nova Scotia, each scored 1. Among the prominent individual winners were: 5-mile run, T. P. Conneff, M. A. C.; 1-mile walk, W. E. Burkhard, P. A. C.; 3-mile walk, E. D. Lange; running long jump, W. Halpin, O. A. C.; throwing 56-pound weight, W. L. Condon, N.Y.A.C.



T. P. CONNEFF, THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER.

AUTUMN ATHLETICS.—SOME WELL-KNOWN CONTESTANTS IN ACTION—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

FREE TRADE AND COMMERCIAL CRISES.

THE relation of free trade to commercial crises is one about which there should be no dispute. It is an economic fact, or series of facts, open to abundant historical proof, and part of the experience of many persons now living. The repeal of protection to farmers in England in 1846 was the sole cause of the English crisis of 1847. To deny it is like denying that the battle of Waterloo led to the capture and exile of Napoleon.

Free trade, in the degree that it existed in 1816 in the United States, produced the crisis of 1817-19, costing the country more in losses and destruction of industries than the War of 1812 to 1815 had cost it. Indeed, the period of the war and its preceding period of interrupted foreign trade was one of growth, compared with which the subsequent period of peace was one of stagnation and decline.

The period of free foreign trade from 1833 to 1839 in the United States cost the country far more, in destruction of wealth and industries, than it would then have cost to have coerced South Carolina by armed measures into obedience to the protective Tariff of 1828, instead of permitting her to intimidate Congress into its repeal.

The period of free trade from 1847 to 1861 cost the country, in the destruction of its industries, far more than the war with Mexico. Although the influx of gold from California began in 1849-50, and was at its height in 1851-53, yet as early as the Fall of 1853 general dearth of employment prevailed among artisans, manufacturing establishments of many kinds were closing, and in the Spring of 1854 hard times came, and came to stay.

In the New York *Tribune* of Wednesday, December 21st, 1853, is an account of a respectable North of Ireland Protestant widow, whose two daughters, one fourteen and the other sixteen years old, the latter of whom had been a skilled silk-weaver in Ireland, were working day and night, earning by their joint labors only \$2 a week by sewing shirts by hand for five cents apiece. The article complains that the family had better remained in Ireland, as their silk-weaving might still earn them something, but here free trade had utterly destroyed our industries. On November 20th, 1854, the *Tribune* thus editorially described the situation:

"From day to day we hear of stoppages of banks and bankers in almost every part of the country, unable to redeem the circulation that, in the present prostration of trade, is so rapidly thrown back upon them. They have securities in abundance, but no money. From day to day we hear of failures of merchants, and manufacturers everywhere stopping for want of money. One thousand men are just discharged from one establishment in Maryland," etc.

Again, three days after, the *Tribune* said:

"Money is now at one, two and three per cent. per month, and our merchants are being ruined by the general withdrawal from the interior of all means of circulating the products of land and labor. We are now on the brink of ruin," etc.

Again, on November 24th, 1854, the *Tribune*, after desecrating on the abundant resources in mines, lands, labor and capital of the country, said:

"And yet we all know that the times are emphatically hard. Mechanics and manufacturers are contracting their operations. Many farmers also are unable to keep so many hired laborers at work as they have hitherto done. Banks are from necessity reducing their discounts. Many buildings are stopped half-way to completion, their owners being bankrupt. Real estate, especially if requiring further outlay to render it fully productive, is unsalable except at ruinous prices. Bankers have stopped, or all but wound up. Unfinished railroads are cut short, awaiting times when perfectly good bonds can be sold at 20 per cent. discount, or when money can be procured on ample security at 10 or 12 per cent. At least two hundred thousand men, the discarded servants of many a gallant but luckless enterprise, who have been driven into cities and villages by the failure of their accustomed employment, are now anxiously seeking work for the winter, and seeking in vain. The cities cannot hire and pay them. The country does not call for them, or they lack travel-money to enable them to respond to the call. Stagnation and dismay are general, and thousands who have property enough, if it could be sold at anything like cost, to pay all they owe, are hopelessly, dumbly awaiting the shock of actual bankruptcy."

Under the head of "Why Will Ye Die?" the same journal on the same date said:

"Let the word be once passed that the Tariff (in substance) of 1842 would speedily supplant that of 1846, and there is not a square mile of the whole country which would not feel the impulse of returning prosperity. Stocks and bonds would rise. Loans on good security would once more be negotiable. Real estate would have a cash value once more. Mills, factories and machinery would once more be in request. We should have the pleasure of advertising once more that mechanics or laborers are wanted in this or that locality, to relieve the present dreary columns of pieces wanted with next to nobody wanting men."

Again, on December 12th, 1854, the *Tribune* said:

"For many months past we have been told of the severe pressure for money that has existed in many of the Southern States, and we now have the assurance of the Governor of South Carolina that the financial distress there existing is greater than has been known since 1837."

On December 18th, 1854, the news columns of the *Tribune* displayed in triple headings, as the chief sensation of the period, "The Commercial Crisis—Distress of the Working Classes—Depression of Industry in New

York and Vicinity." It then recited that of 5,000 masons 1,000 were out of work, and that workmen at this trade, "who last year commanded \$2 a day, can now be hired upon any street-corner for \$1.50." Of 1,500 plumbers, it said, one-half were wholly unemployed. Of hatters, only one-third were employed. A firm of umbrella-makers, which had employed 300 men the previous year, only employed 40. The drygoods wholesale trade had fallen off 60 per cent. from that of the previous year. The *Evening Post* announced the closing of the last American factory engaged in making broadcloth, and that the industry had come to an end. On December 30th, the columns of the *Tribune* were filled with accounts of the opening of free-soup houses, to prevent general starvation in every ward of New York, in Brooklyn, in Williamsburg, and in Jersey City.

Almost daily processions of the suffering ones formed on Astor Place and marched down Broadway, from 5,000 to 20,000 in number. The writer saw them. They filed past the City Hall, bearing rude rag banners on which were inscribed, "We are starving. We don't mean blood, but we must have bread," etc., etc. We saw, too, the long, winding lines of laboring men and women gathered in front of the numerous free-soup houses, waiting for their turn at the soup. One of the city missions gave away free-food tickets to the poor, which had been paid for by those having means. But in spite of the utmost exertions of all charitable committees and of individual efforts, starvations and deaths from hunger were reported in January, February and March, 1855, as the daily journals now report yellow fever.

Only a few weeks ago the writer met a lady, now wealthy, who was at that fearful time striving to support a family of three little children by coloring fashion-plates for an illustrated magazine. By her utmost exertions during her entire waking hours she could barely earn \$3 per week. All her little salable trinkets as well as clothing had been sold for food. For months her little family, huddled in one room, without meat, milk or vegetables, were drawing nearer to the point where there would be but one loaf of bread as their store. At last that fearful moment came. And with it came a rap at the door, and a workingman who declared that his family were dying; that they could not keep the free soup on their stomachs, and he begged for bread. The lady said: "This is my last loaf, I have not a penny left, and I have three children to feed. But if you say your family is actually starving, I will divide this loaf with you." She cut it evenly in two, and gave the visitor half, leaving the other half on the table. He grasped it tremblingly, and began, while biting into it voraciously, to weep and mutter his thanks. Oppressed by his apparent excess of emotion, the lady thought to relieve his embarrassment by turning away to the window. Instantly, with a wild yell, the starving man shrieked: "God help you! I must have it all!" Turning, she saw him seize the other half and flee into the street. He was bearing it away to his family. Scenes like these were of constant occurrence. About twenty years later, in the protective period that followed, that same lady had accumulated a fortune of \$50,000 in a female industry. And yet the free-traders of to-day never tire of reiterating the monstrous falsehood that the period from 1847 to 1860 was one of prosperity and comfort to American labor. In fact, politics became pauper-feeding. Politicians got or lost control of New York accordingly as they showed or failed to show that they had converted the whole city treasury into a pauper-sustaining fund by unlimited largesses in the form either of free food to the suffering or enormous contracts for whatever premature but plausibly justifiable improvement could be made a means of employing the starving.

It is to be hoped that the misstatements that are being made about the Mills Bill will not deceive the people. The story that it effects a reduction only of duties that now stand at 47 per cent. so that they will stand at 41 per cent. is a monstrous and fraudulent imposition. That assumption is arrived at by omitting the 93 articles which the Mills Bill places on the free list altogether from the calculation of the reduction. On the same principle, if every duty on the tariff list save one had been repealed, and that had been left unchanged, it might be said there had been no reduction in average rates of duty! Yet the result would be absolute free trade except in the one article, which might be, perchance, bananas!

Another convenient falsehood is, that reduced duties will reduce the revenues, and so remove the surplus. In five of the principal cases in which duties were reduced in 1883 the revenue was increased. In 1846 the reduction of the rates of duty one-half quadrupled the importations and so doubled the revenues—if we compare the averaged imports and revenues of the whole free-trade period with the whole protective period. The Mills Bill means ultimate free trade—heavy importations, increased revenues, an export of gold, a financial crisis and hard times for labor—just as similar free-trade measures enacted in 1816, 1833 and 1846 produced those results. To doubt it, is to be deaf to the voice of history, and blind to the results of experience.

ANOTHER CONGRESSIONAL SCANDAL.

LATE years have revealed fewer scandals than formerly in connection with Congress. Even the "Library Building Scandal," so called, is far less disgraceful than

many financial irregularities that has stained the reputation of the House. But it is bad enough.

Congress passed a law ordering a new library building in Washington, to cost \$3,000,000. The Government bought two squares of houses and tore them down, and appointed a Commission to put up the building. The Commissioners adopted a ten-million-dollar plan—thus adding \$7,000,000 without sanction of law. They then began excavating for the foundations of this ten-million-dollar palace, and in a year they have dug a vast hole and put an elegant and luxurious fence around it, and for the fence and the hole which it incloses they have paid \$90,000!

It is now claimed that a well-known member of Congress has used undue and improper importunity and threats to induce the Commission to build the library from a quarry in which he is interested, and a bad *prima facie* case seems to be made out. It is further alleged that the men and women who occupy sinecure positions to guard the hole were appointed to get rid of the insistence of members who wanted their friends provided for.

The latter evil springs from a pernicious demoralization that is almost universal in Washington. That city may be said to be divided into two classes—those who hold office, and those who want office. The applicants are in a state of expectancy that seriously interferes with ordinary hard work; and the pressure for place is so tremendous, especially for labor that is unskilled or little skilled, that about every day's work has two or three men to do it.

Fifty-two per cent. of the area of Washington is in streets and parks, and for their proper care is mustered an army of supernumeraries. An insignificant grass-grown triangle between two streets, measuring not more than fifty feet upon its sides, will have four or five men to mow it (very lazily) with scythes, and when a lawn-mower is used, it is frequently pushed by one man while another pulls it with ropes! And usually, still another stands by with hands in pocket, superintending the job.

The reform of the Civil Service must go deeper and be more radical than its interested friends have dreamed, if it would prevent the frequent outbreak of Congressional scandals in connection with appointments.

THE FATE OF STANLEY.

THE latest authentic intelligence from Stanley's expedition is that of the murder of Major Barttelot, his second in command, on the way to find and to support his chief. Authentic, that is to say, so far as the murder is concerned; but where or by whom the deed was done, and for what motive, there is nothing to show. It were too much to ask that men should not offer conjectures or jump to conclusions regarding a matter so deeply interesting; but nothing can be more unworthy than to suggest, as it has been suggested by some, that the young officer had in a measure provoked his fate by harshness, and even by cruelty, to his men. If this were known to be true, it would avail nothing to say it at such a time; and as a matter of fact, no one knows anything at all about it. It is a cowardly invention.

With the death of Barttelot there is an end of the supporting expedition, and the world is left once more in the dark as to the fate of Stanley himself, with an added suggestion of the worst. No one likes to admit what each one fears; and the general consensus of the African explorers in offering arguments to show that there is no reason to despair is the strongest evidence that the situation is hopeless. The White Pasha theory is disposed of by Van Gèle's assertion that he himself was in the White Pasha's region at the very time assumed by the theory, and that he fought with the natives; and he thinks, nevertheless, that Stanley is safe. It does not occur to him that he has had time to return in safety to Europe, while Stanley, lost for a time much longer, is still lost. A distinguished African traveler believes that Stanley must be safe because he ought, as a capable commander, to have headed for Khartoum; and who knows what is going on at Khartoum? There is absolutely no communication between that city and the outside world. De Brazza believes that the natives laid waste the country and decamped; but he, also, thinks Stanley is safe. Why? Stanley started with 900 men. Diminish the number as we may by the effects of accident and disease and the admitted hostility of the natives, there must have been more than a few to provide for in a waste country. Is there much cause for hopefulness in this? Dr. Junker, who was shut up so long with Emin, and who knows the lake region as well as any man, declared only six weeks ago, in Stockholm, that Stanley must have had his Congo communications cut off by hostile tribes, from which he had no doubt taken supplies by force; and yet Dr. Junker added that he was convinced of Stanley's safety, and thought that news of him would be received through Zanzibar. All these assurances are at once generous and pathetic and unreasonable.

There is every cause for the keenest anxiety and for the sinking of the heart. It is impossible to believe in the good faith of Tippoo Tib; and there was nothing to fall back upon if Tippoo Tib proved false. Not to see this is to be willfully blind, but the shutting of the eyes does not change the facts.

OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS.

TO every resident of a great city this expression suggests the class of youthful ruffians who have their haunts in the slums, who often band themselves into "gangs," and who follow leaders whose chief ambition it is, if worst comes to worst, to "die game" on the gallows. The notorious "Whyo gang" of New York city, the "Danny" Lyons type of murderer, these are the sort whom we ordinarily think of as our young barbarians. Such, indeed, they are, and there are altogether too many of them in cities like New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, for the peace of mind of the thoughtful observer—though happily the police statistics of the metropolis for a series of years encourage the hope that the authorities are steadily gaining the upper hand in the contest with them.

But our civilization is breeding a class of youth who, while not yet so desperate and abandoned as the members of the "gangs," are still, to all intents and purposes, barbarians. The Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, the well-known Boston clergyman, preached a striking sermon a few weeks ago on the decay of reverence. He illustrated this tendency by his own experience in suffering ridicule, abuse, and even occasional blows, while walking on the streets of



Boston, from young fellows who were loafing on the corners or hanging about grogeries. Additional force is lent to the clergyman's words by the physical aspect of the man—a white-haired, dignified, benignant gentleman, whose very appearance should command from every stranger tokens of respect.

To a public which still thinks of Boston as the city which above all others illustrated respectability of demeanor, a revelation like this of Dr. Bartol's comes with a shock of surprise. It is not so strange to those who have carefully watched the change which has come over the New England metropolis of late years, as the proportion of its population which was alien, either in birth or in character, has steadily and rapidly increased; though after all allowances are made, it still remains an alarming sign of the times. One may think that the Boston of the eighteenth century perhaps extorted too great a show of respect, and even reverence, for the clergy, and yet he must start at the idea that in the Boston of the closing years of the nineteenth century a venerable citizen cannot walk the streets without danger of insult.

But there is a feature of the matter still more serious and alarming than this. The evil which Dr. Bartol has thrust upon public notice is not confined to Boston. Springfield, Mass., is a small city, compared with the capital of the State—a place of about 40,000 population, which has had a normal and healthy growth, and has had none of those exceptional features of development which sometimes bring bad tendencies into activity. It is a beautiful town, with streets of pleasant residences, and the general aspect of comfort and peace. But Springfield suffers from the same causes which afflict Boston. The *Republican* has taken up Dr. Bartol's sermon and given it a local application—pointing out that Springfield, too, has its young barbarians, who not only disturb the quiet of her streets, but deface public monuments, ruin parks, and apparently study methods of malicious mischief.

Nor is this the worst of the case. Springfield is, after all, a city with people enough to develop a considerable class of young ruffians naturally. If Springfield were the only place in Western Massachusetts which suffered from this evil, as it is the only city of any considerable size, one might find excuses and dismiss the matter as exceptional. But, unfortunately, it is not the only place. The stranger who glides by rail through the beautiful valley of the Deerfield River, or who drives over the hills in that part of the State, sees only pleasant villages which appear the abodes of peaceful content. But if he tarries long in one of them, he may be rudely undeceived.

No better illustration of the old-fashioned cattle-show and fair can anywhere be found than is given by the Deerfield Valley Agricultural Society every September, on an elevated plateau in the pleasant village of Charlemont. The morning of each fair-day sees crowds of people pouring in by every road from a score of towns scattered among the hills—all in holiday attire and all ready to enjoy the occasion. Constables are seldom to be seen, and there seems no need of authority to preserve order among a people who are evidently order-loving. On the evening of the second day a dance is held in the Society's hall, at which the young people of both sexes have been wont to gather, without need of supervision to maintain quiet and propriety. But of late years this once delightful Autumn anniversary has been losing its attractions, through the gradual development of a rowdy element, which comes chiefly from the larger towns in the vicinity. Disagreeable and even offensive by day, it is not until night that this element shows its teeth. Then it rages through the streets of the quiet village, alarming the peaceful residents with its loud antics, breaking the glass of the street-lamps which public spirit has established, and arousing fears of more serious trouble. A visitor who chanced to be in the place on the closing night of this year's fair reports that the noise and disorder were so great and constant as to be almost unendurable.

There is food for serious thought in such developments as these, manifesting themselves not only in a great city, but also in smaller cities, and, worse still, in quiet country towns. Since the days of the Puritans, New England has prided herself upon her civilization, and has devoted a large share of her energies to the warfare upon barbarism elsewhere. Almost before she realizes it, she finds that, unperceived, there has grown up, and is even now threatening her peace, a class of young barbarians who demand urgent attention. It is a somewhat melancholy picture, and it becomes even gloomier when one finds that some of the people most concerned feel discouraged over the situation and the prospect. But there is really no occasion for despair. A people with the traditions of New England must possess the spirit and the ability to grapple with the assailants of civilization, and to push back the rising tide of barbarism.

#### THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

THE Parnell Commission met for the first session on the 17th of September. There were about two hundred reporters present, who nearly filled the small room of the Probate Court, and when the Judges—Hannen, Day and Smith—had taken their seats, Justice Hannen read the document which created the Commission, and briefly stated the principles on which it would proceed. Sir Charles Russell and Herbert Henry Asquith, M.P., appeared for Parnell, Mr. Ruegg for Mr. O'Donnell, and Mr. Graham, with Attorney-general Webster, for the *Times*. Sir Charles Russell demanded and insisted that the Commission should order the production of the letters and papers on which the charges of the *Times* were made. Mr. Graham endeavored to show that to grant the request would defeat the purpose of the Commission; but the Judges, after twice retiring to deliberate, decided that they had power to order the discovery of all the documents, and that the details against the persons accused by the *Times* ought to be given. The Court determined to enter thoroughly into the inquiry and to follow it to the end. On application, Mr. Dillon was released on bail, that he might appear before the Commission; and an order was made for the inspection of the bankers' books, containing the accounts of the National League. The Commission then adjourned to the 22d of October. There could not be a more auspicious beginning of an inquiry which interests the civilized world. The Commission has irrevocably affirmed its purpose to bring the whole subject-matter, with all its collateral issues, into the light of day. This it will do, without fear or favor, for its delegated power is co-extensive with that of Parliament, and it is neither Parnell, nor the party of Parnell, that has anything to fear from the result. It is not easy to say as much for the *Times*, or for the Government, which is understood to be behind the *Times*; but the former, as the typical representative of English public opinion, must be glad to have an opportunity for showing, even at its own cost, how dearly Englishmen love the right; and the latter may feel, in any case, much of the compassion with which the monkey, after eating the chestnuts, must have considered the singed paws of the cat.

#### THE RACE VOTE IN POLITICS.

THE wrangle over the Irish-American vote, so called, in New York city, is a pat illustration (no pun intended) of the folly of introducing race issues into politics. A political meeting is held,

and it is announced that a large body of Irish-Americans, headed by two men not conspicuously known to fame, have resolved to renew their allegiance to the Democratic party. Thereupon the Democratic journals rejoice greatly until the Republicans assail the record of the Irish-American leaders, and declare that they are unable to deliver anything of a vote. Whether or not these leaders first offered themselves to the Republicans "for a consideration" is not of special importance, but it is important that race votes should not be delivered *en masse*. These race classifications are foreign to the true idea of American citizenship, and the political party which panders to and encourages them will suffer in the end. America has, or should have, nothing to do with animosities or special prejudices founded on transatlantic conditions. And the spectacle of a race vote being bandied about, or delivered solidly, for this or that candidate, is a humiliating perversion of the American idea. In New England it is noticeable that another race vote is becoming more conspicuous yearly, and that is the French-Canadian. When the political condition of Maine was under discussion, a fortnight since, we frequently heard of the good French-Canadian votes in the upper counties, which were always spoken of as certain to be cast solidly, without any division. In Vermont and New Hampshire, where the sons of the farmers have deserted the hill farms, and their places have been taken by Canadians, the same race feeling, strengthened by religious prejudice, is likely to become a factor, while in the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts and Rhode Island the solid French-Canadian vote has become an important element, and is eagerly bid for by politicians. Even in Worcester, the "heart of the Puritan commonwealth," we read of meetings of French-Canadian political clubs, and addresses in French at a meeting where a candidate for Congress was bidding for the race vote. This is what has been done in Canada, and the result of the repeated race concessions has been demoralization and the surrender of the balance of power to the French in the Province of Quebec, which is French, not English, in ideas and sympathies. We have plenty of warnings as to the pernicious effects of a pandering to race prejudices, and it is time for Americans, whether in or out of politics, to insist upon the supremacy of the American idea.

THE fact that newspapers are sending their reporters and artists to make graphic descriptions of yellow fever in Florida indicates that some one of them more brave than the rest will doubtless yet send a polar expedition and push knowledge of the paleocrycic sea beyond 85°—north of the headlands which Brainerd saw. Who speaks first?

AT the annual meeting of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, last week, for the election of a Board of Directors, Mr. Henry Villard cast over one-half of the votes. Mr. Villard now has as complete control of the property as ever before, and his policy will be carried out in its management. His recovery from the misfortunes which overtook him some years ago affords another illustration of the value of a good reputation, backed by real ability and genuine force of character.

THE popular demand in New York for the re-election of Mayor Hewitt is growing in earnestness and intensity, and the Democratic politicians will be wise if they respect it and place him again in the field. If they do not, the people will be likely to take a hand in the fight, and teach the wirepullers and schemers a lesson not soon to be forgotten. The taxpayers of this metropolis, having had a taste of decent, upright and courageous government, are in no mood to go back to the domination of the slums, and become the prey again of political bandits.

GEN. HARRISON continues to receive visiting delegations from Indiana and other States, and for all has a timely and appropriate word. His speeches, so far, have been remarkable for their vigorous and effective presentation of the important issues of the present canvass, no less than for their uniform freedom from the rancorous party spirit which has too often characterized the addresses of public men. Undoubtedly the moderation which has marked the discussions of the campaign is in a large sense due to the fine example set by the Republican candidate.

THE Administration Democrats in Mr. Randall's district have about come to the conclusion that it would be unsafe to oppose the renomination of that distinguished advocate of the Protection doctrine, and it is not improbable that he may be returned to the House by a substantially unanimous vote—the Republicans regarding him as entirely acceptable on the one dominant issue of the hour. There is no doubt that the President would be glad to see Mr. Randall left at home if any other Democrat could be elected in his district, but that is so entirely out of the question, that the purpose at one time entertained of throwing the ex-Speaker overboard is abandoned as a pure necessity.

A HEGIRA of office-holders is threatened. Scott of Pennsylvania, the ablest and most influential Democrat in Congress, refuses to run again. Secretary Whitney expresses the intention of retiring from the head of the Navy Department in March "whether or no." General Garland will go into the Senate—if he can. Public Printer Benedict desires to lay down his commission and return home to Elmira. Governor Colman, after bringing order to the Agricultural Department, will leave it and resume the management of the *Rural World*. John H. Oberly threatens to leave Washington—or, at any rate, the Civil-service Commission, which brings little money and less honor. It is understood that there are men in both parties willing to fill the vacancies on any terms.

EVERY year France and Germany grow further and further apart; or, at any rate, their mutual repulsion becomes more and more obvious. The latest example is the order of the young Emperor to print the bills-of-fare of the imperial table henceforth in the German language. He has even banished the name *menu*, and substituted *speisekarte*. This is a very poor specimen of retaliation, but is it a wise decision on general principles. Can anybody tell why Americans should print their bills-of-fare in French? If there is any reason, except the most puerile pedantry, it should be set forth. It would be about as sensible to print our theatre programmes, and even our newspapers, in French. Is it not fatuous and silly thus to disparage and belittle the richest, most flexible and most sonorous language in the world—and that language our own?

ANOTHER illustration of Administration "reform" has just been furnished by the removal of Superintendent R. C. Jackson, of the Second Division of the Railway Mail Service. Mr. Jackson has been connected with the service for a quarter of a century, and for most of that time has been the most useful man identified with it. The improvements in its methods and efficiency have nearly all been due to his intelligence and indefatigable industry. He had the supervision of 650 clerks, was in correspondence with over

8,500 post-offices in the division—which includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and portions of Maryland and Virginia—and arranged with 300 railway companies the details of the transmission of mails. He was among the first to introduce genuine Civil-service Reform in the postal department. Every duty has been satisfactorily performed; but his place is wanted by a hungry partisan, and so he is dismissed just as an employer would turn away a drunken or worthless employé. And this is done with the approval of a President who is pledged a hundred times over that under his Administration public office shall not be prostituted for partisan ends!

WHEN the English once start out to be scared they do the business thoroughly. The opponents of a tunnel under the Channel have not been contented with their defeat of the effort to obtain Government approval of the scheme. An experimental tunnel had been dug forty-three yards out from low-water mark, and a motion that this be filled up at once was recently introduced in the House of Commons by a zealous opponent of the tunnel scheme. Whether or not he believed that this beginning of a tunnel would be useful to an invading French army, he certainly appears to regard it as a source of danger. It was necessary for the President of the Board of Trade to assure the timorous Briton of the firm conviction on the part of the Government officials that no harm could come to the British Empire from the existence of a hole running about 110 feet under the sea.

WITHIN three months there will be reports of railroad wrecks and cars burned through the agency of "the deadly car-stove." There has been attempts at legislation on the subject, many inventions have been brought forward, and many experiments have been made. On some New England lines and elsewhere steam-heaters and other comparatively safe means of heating have been introduced, but the fact remains that the majority of passenger-cars in this country will be heated by stoves when cold weather comes on. Some additional attention has been paid to the bracing of stoves and the fastening of stove-doors, but every wreck proves the uselessness of those feeble palliatives. It is abundantly proved that live coals cannot safely be carried in a railway passenger-car. It is well to call attention to this matter before the season of "holocausts" is upon us.

MAY a woman dress in male attire? Recorder Davenport, in Kansas City, Mo., has just decided that she may; that "there can be no law which prevents women from dressing in male attire and appearing in public therein, so long as they do not conduct themselves in a disorderly manner. Any ordinances to the contrary are illegal." As if this were not enough, he added: "It is the latest fad for ladies to dress in the garments of the opposite sex, and women are rapidly coming to it. It is the correct thing, not only for health, but for comfort. I will discharge every woman brought before me under such conditions as the defendant in this case. You can go, Mary. I think you look as neat as if you had on a dress." Can a matter so important as this in its effect upon society be thus decided, hastily and arbitrarily? Can women and girls dress in men's clothes whenever they please, and men in women's? Is it not necessary to the welfare of society and the preservation of order that the sex of people shall be plainly indicated by their dress? If Recorder Davenport's decision in the case of Mary Gordon shall be followed in our cities, will not the violation of law be rendered obviously more easy—especially sexual violations? Much of the disregard for law is of a peaceful and quiet kind, and it would certainly be inimical to that private virtue and morality which are the foundation of the State to make it any easier than it is for clandestine offenses to be committed.

THE Retaliation Bill, passed by the House of Representatives, is still before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and there are indications that it may fail, after all, to command the approval of the latter body. In a speech on the subject, last week, Mr. Sherman, who is Chairman of the Senate Committee, declared strongly against the adoption of the proposed policy, arguing that the Twenty-ninth Article of the Treaty of 1871 is still in force, and that the President has abundant retaliatory powers in the Act of 1857. The measure of retaliation proposed by the President was declared to be out of all proportion to the complaint. Congress had refused to give General Grant similar powers to those for which the President asked, and it should not now give them to President Cleveland. Mr. Sherman insisted that the true policy of the Government of the United States was to tender to Canada freedom of trade and intercourse, and to make that tender in such a fraternal way that it should be an overture to the Canadian people to become a part of the American Government. In furtherance of his views, Mr. Sherman proposes that his Committee should be authorized to inquire into the state of the relations of the United States with Great Britain and Canada, and to recommend such measures as may be deemed expedient to promote friendly commercial and political intercourse between this country and the North American Provinces. It is believed that this result forebodes the defeat of the Retaliation Act, but the whole matter has become so complicated by partisan considerations that it is out of the question to predict the outcome with even tolerable accuracy.

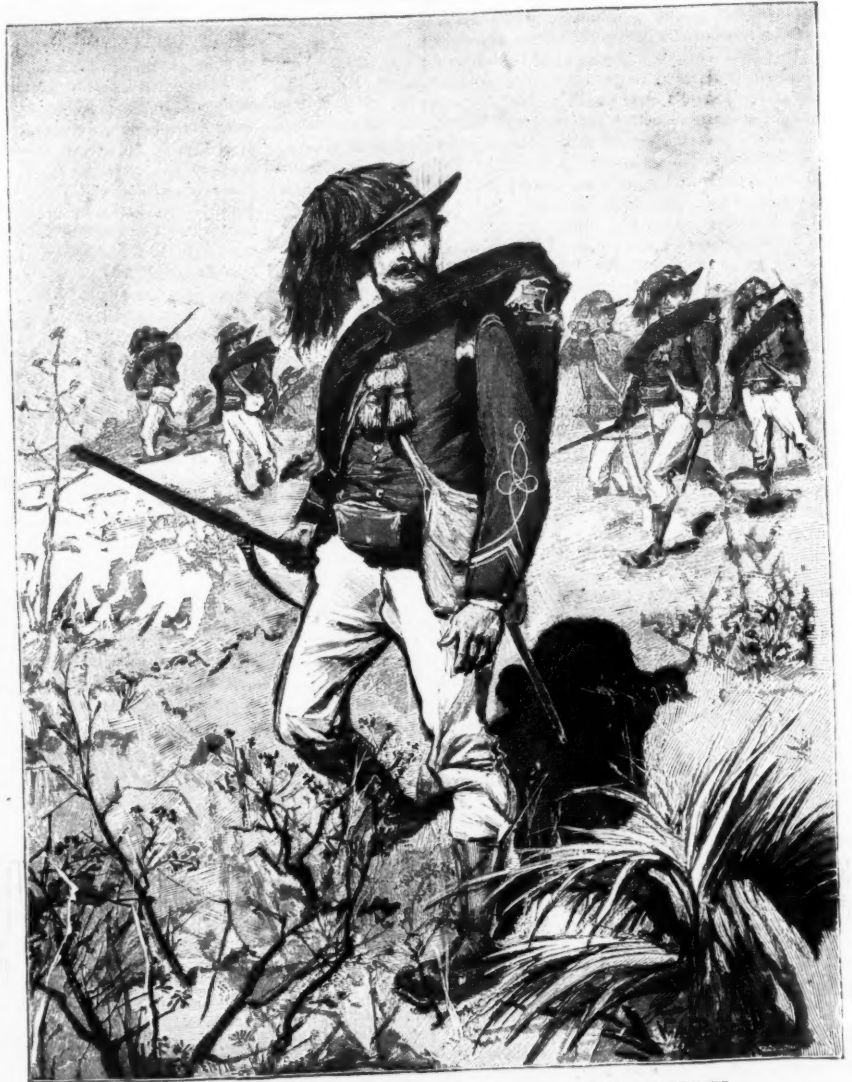
IN these scientific days there are those who regard the account of the Creation in the Book of Genesis as a highly poetical exposition of great geological truths. Some there are, indeed, who refuse to have anything to do with Genesis, but most people are disposed to admit that it vaguely indicates something like the order of the successive developments. It cannot but be interesting to those who accept, as well as to those who reject, the record of this Book to learn that a distinguished scientist of Philadelphia, in a lecture delivered before the Academy of Natural Sciences in that city, announced that he had discovered that when nearly all the dry land of the earth's surface was still water, "the site of Philadelphia was already clearly marked out. . . . The site of Philadelphia is far more ancient than the sites of our sister cities. . . . London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. . . . Our streams, the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, were probably gray and old before the Thames, Seine or Danube were dreamed of, occupying their present channels." How wonderful are the ways of Nature! After the Deluge, the Ark rested upon Ararat; but Philadelphia was the original dry land in the sea of waters! Think you there was no Providence in this, that Dock Street and Chestnut Street, and Moyamensing, and Fairmount Waterworks, were actually present at the Creation? Who can wonder that the Declaration of Independence was read where it was? Or that the Quakers, grandees of the first dry land, refused to unbuckle themselves before the mushroom kings of the earth? It is a great discovery, and many things, small as well as great, find in it an explanation. Philadelphians are sometimes reproached with their slowness and their antiquated ways. What is time to men who have been walking up and down Walnut Street and dreaming of Girard College since the year 2,000,000 B.C.?



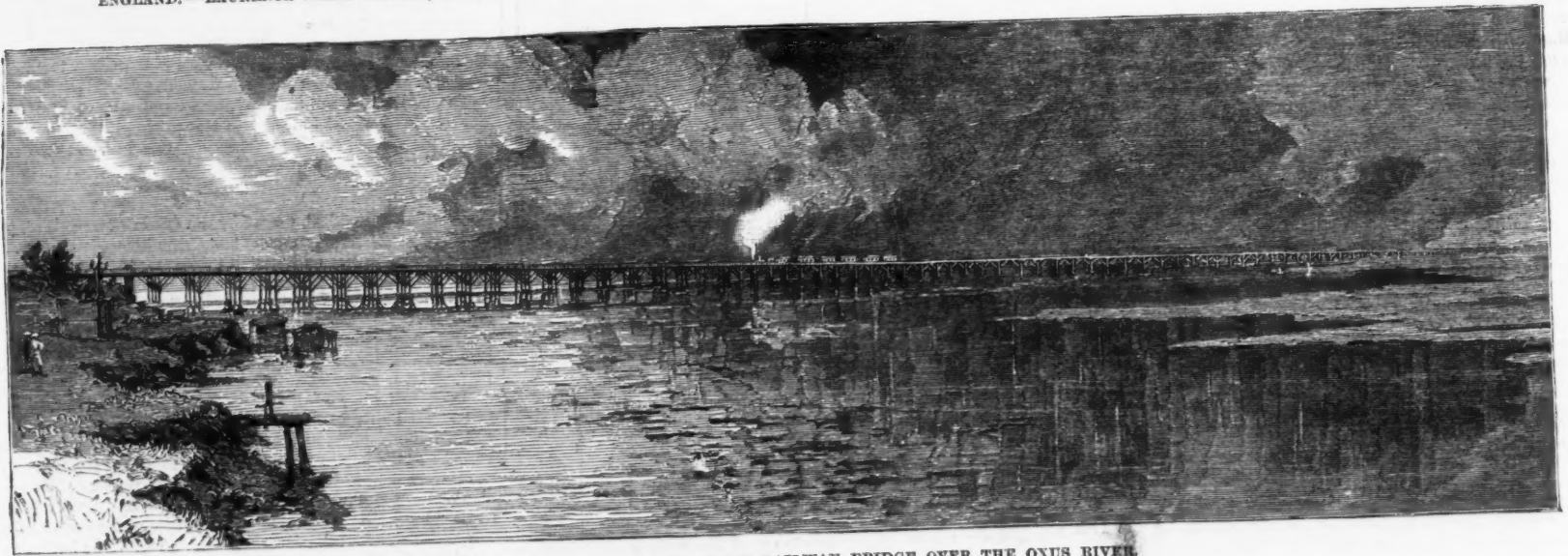
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 102.



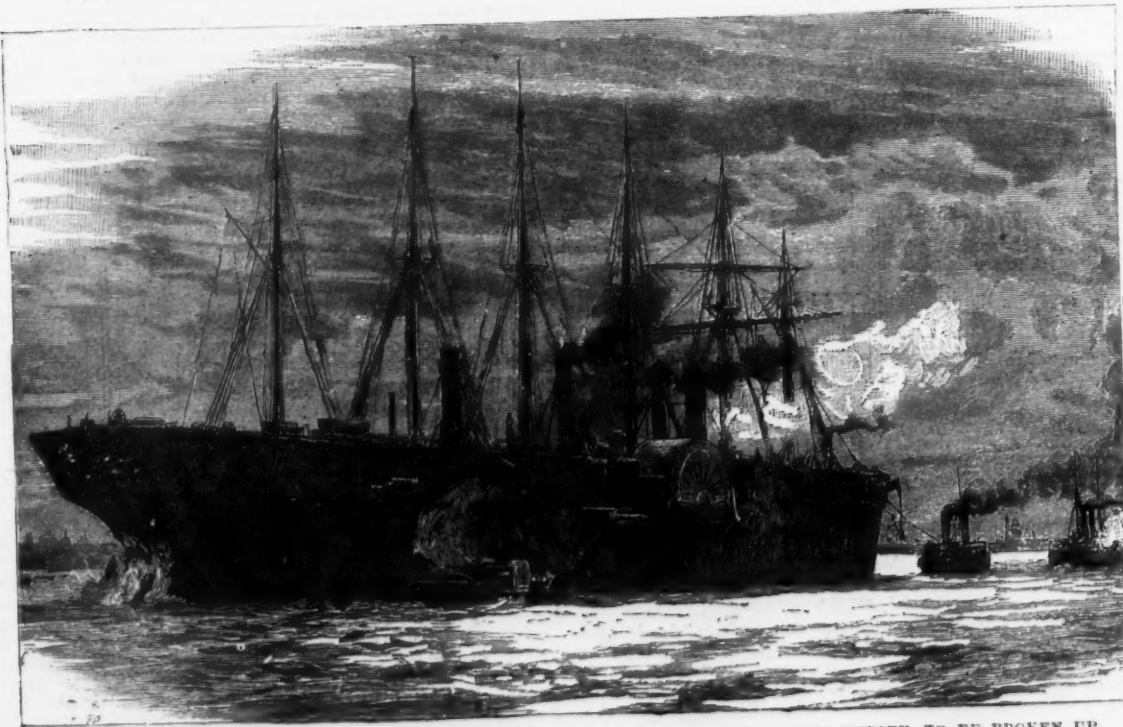
ENGLAND.—LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.



ITALY.—THE ALPINE MANOEUVRES—A GROUP OF BERSAGLIERI.



CENTRAL ASIA.—THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE OXUS RIVER.



ENGLAND.—THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN," NOW BEACHED ON THE MERSEY, TO BE BROKEN UP.



HAITI.—M. LÉGITIME, CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.



MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER,  
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE G. A. R.

MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER, the new Commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was born in Lafayette County, Wis., June 11th, 1839. At the age of ten years he entered a country store as a clerk, where he remained five years. During that time he saved enough money to pay his expenses at college for two years. Afterwards he taught school and prepared himself for the practice of law. He raised Company "C," Thirty-third Wisconsin Volunteers,



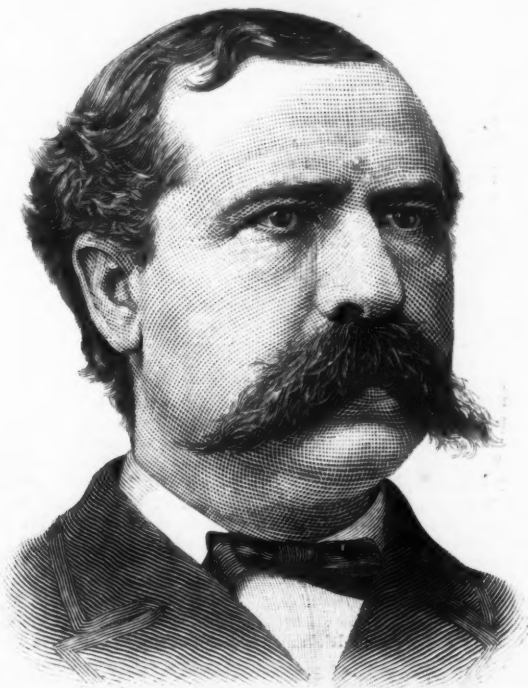
MISSOURI.—MAJOR WM. WARNER, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

PHOTO BY HANDY.

entered the Union Army, 1862 as a First-lieutenant, and was soon appointed Adjutant of the regiment. In 1863 he was made a Captain, and in 1864, Assistant Adjutant-general. He received the rank of Major in 1865. He was in active service in the Western Army until the close of the war, being most of the time on staff duty.

In October, 1865, Major Warner settled in Kansas City, and began the practice of his profession. In 1867 he was elected City Attorney, and the following year was chosen Circuit Attorney for Jackson, Johnson, Lafayette, Cass, Pettis and Saline Counties, Mo. He was elected Mayor in 1871, being the only successful candidate on the Republican ticket at that election. He was Presidential Elector on the Grant ticket in 1872, and in 1885 was voted for United States Senator by the Republicans.

Major Warner was first elected to Congress in 1884, his opponent being Hon. Alexander Graves. He was re-elected in 1886 over Judge Phillips, receiving 16,368 votes, to 15,583 for his opponent. He has been an active member of the G. A. R., and was spoken of for Commander-in-chief at the encampment for the past three



COLORADO.—HON. JOB A. COOPER, REPUBLICAN  
NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO BY RINEHART.

years by General Sherman. While he has been in Congress he has lent his influence to the appropriations for the benefit of Kansas City and the surrounding section, and has been one of the most active supporters of the Oklahoma Bill. He is a member of the Committee on Territories and the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department of the present Congress.

HON. T. M. PATTERSON,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF COLORADO.

THE Democrats of the State of Colorado have nominated as their candidate for Governor the Hon. T. M. Patterson against the Hon. J. A. Cooper, both of the City of Denver. Thomas M. Patterson was born in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, November 4th, 1840. He came to the United States when quite young, and received a common-school education in Indiana, followed by a year's study at Ashbury University, Gencastle, Ind., and a like period at Wabash College, Crawfordville, Ind. Up to 1864 he was a printer and silversmith. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and practiced at Denver, Col., which has been his home for many years past. About the year 1874, Mr. Patterson began to take a lively interest in politics, and he was elected City Attorney for Denver. While Colorado was a Territory he was elected Delegate to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 9,633 votes, against 7,470 for H. Bromwell, Republican. He was re-elected as a Representative to the Forty-fifth Congress when the State was admitted

into the Union, but the certificate was given to James B. Belford. Mr. Patterson contested his right to the seat, and, upon a full and fair investigation, it was awarded by the House to the contestant, December 19th, 1877.

It is largely to men of the mold of Mr. Patterson that the youngest State in the sisterhood of the Union has become so well known throughout the world. As a political leader or as an attorney, Mr. Patterson is considered equal to any occasion that may arise involving the welfare of Colorado. He has a beautiful home and an attractive family in Denver.



COLORADO.—HON. T. M. PATTERSON, DEMOCRATIC  
NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO BY HANDY.

HON. JOB A. COOPER,

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF COLORADO.

THE Republican State Convention of Colorado, on the fifth formal ballot, nominated Hon. Job A. Cooper for Governor. His nomination is eminently acceptable to the party. He possesses the qualities that go to make a good Governor. He has natural ability of a fine order, executive capacity, character strong and true, wide experience of men and affairs, and a thorough knowledge of the State, of its resources, its possibilities and its needs. He is a man of culture, refinement, and of wide and varied attainments.

Job A. Cooper was born in Bond County, Ill., in 1843. He is of English descent, his father having come from England in 1820, as one of the first settlers in that section of Illinois. Young Cooper was educated, after the English fashion, at boarding-school, from the age of ten—first at Knoxville, Ill., where he remained five years, and afterward at Knox College, Galesburg, where he remained till



PRIMITIVE METHODS IN MEXICO.—AN OLD-FASHIONED FLOURING-MILL.

SEE PAGE 103.



1864. In that year he entered the Union Army as Second Sergeant of Company C, One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Illinois Infantry. On the muster out of his regiment he returned to college, and was graduated in 1865. He at once began the study of law at Greenville, Ill., and was admitted to practice in 1867. In 1868 he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Bond County for the term of four years. In May, 1872, he went to Denver, and associated himself in the practice of law with the Hon. A. C. Phelps. The partnership continued about a year, when Mr. Cooper withdrew to embark in the insurance business. In April, 1876, he was elected Vice-president of the German National Bank of Denver, and in the December following became its Cashier, in which capacity he still continues to serve the institution.

In 1887, Mr. Cooper was elected to the City Council, and on the admission of the Territory was re-elected in the Fall of the same year, and made President of the body. He has been Treasurer of the State University since its organization, and has always been actively and liberally identified with every movement which has contributed to the honor and the material advancement of Colorado and the City of Denver. He was married, September 17th, 1867, to Miss Jennie Barnes, of Galesburg, Ill., and has four children. Mr. Cooper and his family are people of quiet and domestic tastes, and he is himself a man simple in manner, cheerful in temper, sympathetic and helpful in disposition, and in every respect a citizen who commands the esteem and neighborly affection of those that know him. Not unmindful of his Alma Mater, he has given her liberal financial aid. He has helped to sustain and build the Denver, Texas and Gulf Railroad. He owns mines in Summit County; has large cattle interests in the northern part of the State, and his herds are counted by tens of thousands. In short, he is identified with most of the plans and enterprises for the advancement and prosperity of his adopted State. He owns some of the choicest real estate in Denver. His own home is on Capitol Hill, commanding a view of the Capitol, and city, and the magnificent stretch of mountain scenery for scores of miles.

#### LOVE'S SUFFICIENCY.

**T**HIS said by poet, it is better far  
To love and lose,  
Than never to have loved at all. But I—  
I may not choose,  
For there has come into my life a love  
So fierce, so strong,  
That I am helpless in its grasp, content  
To drift along.

At first I knew not 'twas Love's sea I had  
Set sail upon,  
So, happy, floated on, with half-closed eyes,  
Through shade and sun;  
What heeded I which way I went, with him  
My boat to guide?  
What dangers had the unknown sea, if he  
Was by my side?

I woke to find myself in waters strange,  
No land in sight;  
All things seemed radiant, new. A mighty flood  
Of rare delight  
Swept o'er my startled soul; the sky, the waves  
With glory shone,  
As was revealed the rapturous thrill of love,  
Till then unknown.

And now let shadows fall, let storms arise,  
On his dear breast,  
Shielded and safe, I lie, while he'll ring arms  
Fold me to rest.  
The night may come, it holds no dread for me;  
His tender kiss  
Soothes all my fears, and fills my happy heart  
With perfect bliss.

#### "HELEN OF TROY."

By NELLIE WATTS McVEY.

**T**HEY called her "Helen of Troy," not alone  
for her matchless face and form, though  
men have died for women less fair than she,  
but because of a subtle something—a nameless  
fascination—which drew all men to her side, and  
whithersoever she went, heart and sense fol-  
lowed her, as by enchantment. To each, to all,  
she was courteous and kind; yet not one could  
boast over another of a brighter smile from her  
fair, fine face.

The season just closed had been a gay one, and  
society devotees, weary of incessant dissipation,  
hailed joyously the prospect of a Summer's rest  
among the hills. "Away from dress and people,"  
Mrs. Blanche Sewell had said to the few leading  
spirits of her exclusive set; "a village among the  
hills, old and sleepy and still as they; where one  
could drink of sparkling waters, inhale delicious  
breezes in the shadow of century-old forest trees,  
the while their hammocks swung from the leafy  
boughs over the softly matted and fragrant blue  
grass."

Away from everything but rest and repose, she  
had said; and the description was so suggestive of  
ideal Arcadia that the chosen few eagerly assented  
to her plan, and willingly followed as she led.

"If we can only persuade Helen to join us!"  
Blanche had said to her husband. And to Helen  
she wrote, urging her to join the rest-seekers in  
the country coolness—Helen Burke, widowed al-  
most as soon as wed, and who was now shrouded  
in gloom for the loss of an only child. "It will  
be so quiet there, and life will grow bright to you  
again in the shadow of those grand old hills.  
Our party is small and select"—naming them—  
"and we cannot consent to leave you so lonely  
and desolate."

"It will be just the thing," Blanche said, de-  
lightedly, to her husband, on receipt of her reply,  
assenting. "If Helen would only care for Carl  
Lester!—they were made for each other. She is  
so beautiful and true, and he so brilliant and  
strong. He could not but love her."

"Lester is not good enough for Helen," said  
Mr. Sewell. "Was there not something said about  
his having trifled with a beautiful girl last Winter,  
at C—, and did we not hear that she has since  
died?"

"Oh, a simple child! But Helen is a magnifi-  
cent woman," said Blanche.

"Nevertheless," said Howard Sewell, "Carl de-  
serves severest censure, and some magnificent  
woman ought to teach him a lesson."

There were not more than a dozen, all told, and  
among them Carl Lester was acknowledged a  
reigning spirit. The party was regarded as fortu-  
nate which secured him as one of them.

Upon the day of departure Helen joined them,  
still and cold as a snow-queen, yet gentle, sweet  
and womanly in all things. Over the sad face a  
wan smile now and then played, in grateful ac-  
knowledgment of some kindly service; yet the  
beautiful lips seemed sealed to laughter and light  
words evermore. It needed not the heavy habili-  
ments of mourning to tell of the fearful shadow  
which lay upon her heart. How beautiful she  
was! How beautiful! And from the first Carl  
Lester seemed drawn to her side as by some spell.  
Whithersoever she went his eyes followed her. He  
was never weary of little attentions, and sought,  
by every art, to draw her out of her woe. Yet,  
courtous always, kindly and gently she repulsed  
his every advance. Patiently and persistently he  
watched his chances, and no opportunity to win a  
word or a smile from the sad, still woman was  
ever neglected.

It was a lazy life they led, with their early bed-  
times and breakfasts, pure air, fresh fruits and  
fragrance; and it was not long ere languid foot-  
steps quickened, and faded cheeks dimpled and  
browned in the sunshine. And as the days went  
by they grew tired of hammocks and humdrum,  
and commenced planning excursions, inaugurat-  
ing rambles, arranging rides, until the silence of  
the wooded hills rang to the music of life and  
laughter.

And Helen? Never weary of planning pleas-  
ures for others, she yet held herself apart from it  
all, until one day Blanche Sewell said to her:

"You are too young to grieve yourself into the  
grave because of little Alice. See, you are shroud-  
ing these young faces with sympathy for your woe.  
Little Alice would not have it so. She would wish  
you to be happy."

And Helen had said: "Then I will go away. It  
was wrong to come."

But Blanche had negated this at once.

"No, but you must rouse yourself. The sun-  
shine lies all about you, Helen. Open the long-  
closed doors of your heart, and share your splen-  
did soul with those about you. No, we cannot  
spare you. See how our friend Carl hovers about  
you. He must teach you that there is yet some-  
thing to live for. Ah, Helen, if you two would  
but become friends!"

An odd expression shone for a moment in those  
deep, dark eyes; but she only said:

"He is considered irresistible, is he not? A  
very fascinating man?"

"Yes, such excellent company; and you—it  
grieves me to find you so much alone." And  
Blanche, who tenderly loved her friend, beckoned  
to a passing trio, and called: "Carl, could you  
be spared a moment?"

"An hour," was the answer. "In fact, I have  
a suspicion"—casting a merry glance at his com-  
panions—"that the separation might be perma-  
nent and no great harm arise therefrom."

And then the handsome head was bared before  
the pensive woman at whose feet he would  
kneel most willingly.

"Our Helen is lonely, and to you I intrust the  
task of showing her the sunshine," were Blanche's  
words; and she left them to themselves.

As Helen laid her slender hand upon his sleeve  
for a rattle, there was a cry in her heart—"Oh,  
little Alice—do you know what your mother is  
planning in memory of you?" But the sweet eyes  
smiled up into his face, and never word or glance  
betrayed the agony that tore her heart in memory  
of her dying child's last hour.

Both were brilliant, cultivated, refined; both  
had traveled extensively, and could scarcely fail  
to interest each other. And thus began the inti-  
macy which, during those long, lazy weeks that  
followed, grew upon the man's part to absolute  
idolatry; on the woman's—but we shall see.

Blanche smilingly watched this friendship grow,  
well pleased with her work; and one day laugh-  
ingly warned them that such Arcadian compani-  
onship was dangerous pastime, and to this Helen  
had replied:

"Then let me break the spell now, by declaring  
that my life holds no room for love. I live only  
to consummate a vow of vengeance. The wrong  
done to an innocent young life lies like a weight  
upon my soul, and until that be lifted my life  
must know no love."

In his courtly fashion, bowing low before this  
smiling avenger, Carl had said:

"There is nothing impossible to him who will."  
He did not see the look which swept athwart  
the fair, haughty face, or the look which filled the sad,  
dark eyes.

"So be it, then," she said. "I have warned  
you."

Summer was waning, Autumn tints were here  
and there flecking the emerald world; the sky  
grew hazy, and the air soft and dreamful; and  
the gay party, recovered now from all fatigue,  
turned longing eyes towards Fashion's kingdom.  
Already the hour of departure drew near, and  
merry voices were chanting "Farewell to Arcadia,"  
as they packed away little mementos and  
keepsakes—the accumulations of the Summer's  
rambles.

"We shall never forget Arcadia," said Carl  
Lester, bending above some trifles he was helping  
Helen to stow away, one dreamful afternoon—the  
last of the closing vacation days.

"Do we really ever forget anything which once  
has pleased us?" she asked, carefully tying a tiny  
ribbon about a few faded pansies, and raising her  
earnest glance to his face.

"Not really, I suppose," he said, slowly, "if it  
has pleased us only; if something we have loved—  
never."

"So few really love," she said, with a ring of  
pathos in the low, sad voice.

"Nay, not so. The world is full of love, and of  
beautiful things to awaken it," he said.

"Carl," the voice was low, and tense with feel-  
ing, and the questioning eyes seemed reading his  
soul—"Carl, there is a love which reaches down,  
even into the grave; a love which drags the loving  
even into the grave of its love. Do you believe it?"

There was a look on her face which, while it  
stirred him strangely, he could not understand.

"Helen," he said, his voice tremulous with ear-  
nestness, "surely I may speak now. You have  
evaded me all these lovely Summer days; you  
would not listen to one word. This is the last  
beautiful day among the hills; let me speak."

A little shiver, as under an icy chill; a quick,  
gasping breath, and she said:

"I—I know what you would say. Nay, not now,  
nor here; let it be to-night, when all our little  
world else has joined the farewell revels upon the  
lawn. Come to me then, if you will, in the parlor  
of the hotel. I, too, have something to say."

She shivered as she spoke, as with an ague, and  
groped her way from him as if blinded; but he—  
only exultation in his heart, that this peerless woman  
would listen to the story he would tell her—the  
story of the one mad love of his life.

"How beautiful she is! how beautiful! My  
Queen of Troy."

Moonlight and music. Very sweetly the olden  
airs floated out upon the breathless stillness; and  
little regretful sighs would mingle with the merry  
jests; and voices grew tremulous as they spoke of  
the summer-time that was ended all too soon.  
When had a Summer been so fair?

"Let our last hours be our best hours," they  
had said; and as the merry feet fled down the  
corridor, speeding towards the moonlight lawn,  
gay young voices called back to those seated under  
the dewy vines: "Come, Helen of Troy; come,  
my King Carl, the revels are begun—the beginning  
of the end."

And when the last merry reveler passed adown  
the dewy way, he had turned to her, and said:

"The beginning of the end! Let it be now,  
Helen. Let me speak."

And she had said, strangely calm and unstirred:

"Let it be now."

Then, silence; for each was struggling with  
emotion; and a great awe seemed to have fallen  
upon the hour. He was the first to speak.

"Helen, I need not say, in words, 'I love you.'  
All the Summer long I have knelt at your feet.  
Tell me that it shall not end here."

She did not speak. He sought to touch her  
hand, but she drew it from him. Her white lips  
moved, but they framed no words—so parched  
and dry were they; and he continued:

"I have had fancies, Helen; but never, until  
I met you, have I known how man could love. I  
think it would kill me to give you up; you have  
become my life. Speak to me, Helen. Say that I  
may love you all my life," he said, with strange  
humility. "Do not speak, Helen," if you would  
say me nay. Only listen while I tell you how I  
will devote myself to all good works for your sake  
—how I will toil for even the barest tenderness of  
your tender heart. See, I lay my life at your feet.  
Helen, my love! my queen! for the pitiful God's  
sake, do not bid me go!"

It was his soul pleading for its very life.

And then, white as the robe she wore—white as  
the still face floating in liquid light above them  
—she arose and stood before him. The moon  
poured down its flood of silver upon her, and she  
seemed a very Nemesis, as she lifted her slender  
hand, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Hush!" she said. "You have brought your  
doom upon yourself. I warned you that my life  
was devoted to the avenging of a wrong. I believe  
you love me—I hope you do—even as you say;  
else would my work have all been done in vain.  
Nay," she said, repulsing him with her extended  
hand, "let me tell you my story. A few years ago  
—so few it seems to me now—I was a wife and  
mother. For one short, happy year, I knew only  
joy; and then my world darkened. My husband  
died. But for the little flower-faced child which  
lay in my arms, I think I should have gone mad  
with agony and grief; for my husband was a king  
among men, and I—I loved my husband as only  
such women as I love. Well, the baby came to  
claim my care, and I vowed to live only for her—  
his child and mine; I lavished all good gifts upon  
her; I never left her for a day until she was grown  
to womanhood, and I watched her growth with  
idolatrious pride. She was so sweet and true and  
loving; so trustful—so pure herself, that she saw  
no shadow of wrong in any other.

"One springtime, yielding to the advice of my  
physician—for I was strangely weary—I left her.  
Left her, as I supposed, carefully guarded from  
all harm, because she could not bear the rigors of  
the climate to whose tonic airs I was banished. I  
intended only to be gone a few months. Circum-  
stances willed otherwise, and it was a year—a  
whole miserable year—before I could return. Do  
you know how I found her? Dying. My pure,  
white lily, broken and fading, because—God grant  
me patience!—because of a man's treachery! Praying  
for him, too, with the last faint breath  
that fluttered up from her drawn lips. Her last  
words were: 'Mamma, do not judge him too  
harshly; I was only a simple little child, and I  
loved him so.'

"Well, she died. Died in these arms, and on  
this breast; and I laid her matchless young beauty  
in the grave. When I knew that she was dead  
—when the soft light had faded out of her dear  
blue eyes, and her limp hand fell away from mine,  
I did a strange thing. I made no moan. I wept  
no tears. I left to stranger hands the task of  
robing her for the grave, and went to my room. I  
knelt before my dressing-case, and looked long and  
earnestly at the face reflected there. I knew I was  
beautiful; but I had never cared until now. Yes,  
I was still fair. The matured woman might win

what the child had died in losing. I knew I could  
touch the heart, as she, God pity me! had not;  
and going back to her still form, I vowed that I  
would go to you—nay, do not start! 'Thou art the  
man!'—and bring upon you all you had brought  
upon her. What your love had been to her, mine  
should be to you. You broke her heart—yours,  
too, should break."

"I have succeeded. You do love me, even as  
you say. I hold your false heart here in my hand,  
and, all crushed and bleeding, I fling it away—  
even as you flung hers. I, to allow you to love  
me! Oh, the scorn, the loathing I give you in  
love's stead!"

All white and breathless she stood before him,  
royal in her just wrath; and he cried out, in an  
agony of tears:

"Do not scorn me, Helen. I shall go mad with-  
out your love."

For answer, she turned upon him one look—  
one bitter, seathing look of scorn.

Then, as man speaks who never more shall know  
the brightness of hope, he pleads: "For the sake  
of her last prayer—for the purity of her young life  
—let her love plead for me. Give me one look of  
tenderness."

And she, more pitiless than the stars above  
them, answers him thus: "Were you lying dead  
at my feet, and could word of mine call back your  
soul from Hades, my lips should be dumb." Then,  
with a gesture of utter loathing, she turned away,  
leaving him alone. Alone, with his broken soul  
steeped in a torture of remorse that would end  
only with his life. The great agony of his heart  
had no human expression, save the two words—  
the cry of a ruined soul—"My God! my God!"

The Summer was ended, and Fashion's devotees  
once more flocked to her shrine. Blanche Sewell  
would fain have held her friend Helen with her;  
but Helen had grown strangely weary and still,  
and longed for a change; into the pansy eyes had  
crept a wistful, troubled look, pitiful to see in one  
so young. She looked away across the ocean, say-  
ing: "I am all alone. It matters little to me  
where I go, so I will see the Old World."

Very fair and sweet and serene she looked, wav-  
ing her farewell from the steamer's railing to her  
many friends upon the pier; and as the great ship  
swung away from its moorings, the group watched  
her fade into the distance with sad hearts, for they  
had loved her most tenderly, and many a sigh was  
breathed as they turned away to their different  
homes.

And upon the pier the surging crowd is arrested  
for a moment by a cry, so despairing, so terribly  
full of agony, as of a human heart torn in twain.  
A little stopping, then a scurrying of hasty feet,  
a few loud-voiced words of command, and the crowd  
moves on.

"What is it?" asked Blanche Sewell, as her hus-  
band climbed into the waiting carriage.

"A man has just stabbed himself, and is already  
dead!" shouted a voice in the crowd to some ques-  
tioner. And Howard Sewell paused to catch the  
rest of his explanation.

"No one we knew, I suppose," said Blanche  
Sewell, indifferently, settling herself back among  
the cushions. "Howard," she continued, "do  
you know, I cannot cease to wonder why Carl  
Lester did not win Helen for his wife. They were  
perfectly suited to each other."

After a moment's silence, Mr. Sewell said: "I  
think you did not know who the little girl was  
whom Carl Lester deserted so cruelly. Helen did,  
and—Carl Lester lies back there in the crowd,  
dead by his own hand, because of little Alice  
Burke's death. Do you understand now? Carl  
has learned his lesson. 'And this is the end.'"

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ALMA-TADEMA.

The celebrated painter of classicism, who has  
brought the life of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome  
before our imaginations in many a vivid picture, is  
a Belgian by birth and early education, but settled  
in London and became a British subject and Royal  
Academician nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Tadema  
had previously assumed the name and style of  
"Alma," partly for the sake of euphony, and partly  
for the sake of lifting himself in exhibition cata-  
logues out of the T's and depositing himself among  
the A's near the beginning—an arrangement of  
special advantage in the Paris Salon. His Lon-  
don studio, of which a glimpse is given in our pic-  
ture, is described as a veritable artistic wonder-  
land. The furnishings are of antique pattern;  
the walls are covered with inscriptions; and the  
greatest marvel of all in a studio is the fact that  
the orthodox, inevitable top-light is for once het-  
erodox, evitable and absent.

#### THE ITALIAN BERSAGLIERI.

The Bersaglieri, conspicuous by their pictur-  
esque uniform and the enormous drooping plume  
of cock's tail-feathers worn in the hat, belongs,  
like the Alpine regiments, to what is called the  
"movable militia" of Italy's land forces. These  
troops are in times of peace only called upon to  
perform certain periods of military instruction, or  
to establish order in case of local outbreaks. In  
war-time they are called into action with the  
standing army, serving as reserves, and being  
usually employed to support artillery battalions,  
escort convoys, and perform various outpost du-  
ties of exploration and reconnaissance. The mov-  
able militia now comprises, together with other  
branches, twenty-one battalions of Bersaglieri, of  
1,335 men and 64 officers each, and thirty-six com-  
panies of Alpines, the latter corresponding to the  
similarly named branch of service in the French  
army. The Bersaglieri are at the present time  
mostly posted along the northern mountain front-  
ier. Their name means, literally, "sharpshooters."

#### THE BRIDGE OVER THE OXUS.

Among the chief engineering difficulties en-  
countered by General Annenkoff in the construc-  
tion of Russia's great Central Asian railway from  
the Caspian Sea to Samarkand and Bokhara were  
the bridging of the three rivers, the Tejend, the  
Murghab, and the Amou Daria (or Oxus), the  
shifting and drifting sands, and the liability of



certain parts of the line to be suddenly flooded. These latter have been combated by the planting of a curious shrub, "saxaul," which takes root in the sand, and eventually forms a protective screen, and by the construction of numerous conduits to carry off the flood-water. The bridge at Chardjini across the Amou Daria (or Oxus), shown in our illustration, is a light structure of wooden piers, and stretches nearly two miles across the wide river-bed, including an intervening island. The first or principal bridge is 5,740 English feet in length, and there are two smaller bridges near the Bokharan side.

#### THE LAST OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

After thirty years' vain struggle against an adverse destiny, this leviathan steamship has been beached on the shores of the Mersey, to be broken up for old iron. The *Great Eastern* was planned by Mr. Brunel and built by Mr. Scott Russell, to accomplish the voyage to the East round the Cape without having to stop by the way for coal, and was originally intended to take some 3,000 first, second and third class passengers, and a large cargo. Her length was 692 feet; her breadth, 83 feet; the depth of her hold was 24 feet; and her registered tonnage, 18,914 tons. She was fitted with both paddle and screw engines, carried five funnels, each 100 feet high, and had a coal-bunker space of 10,000 tons. In 1859 the mammoth vessel started upon her first voyage to the United States, but had to put back through the explosion of a steam-pipe, by which a number of persons were killed and injured. Next year she reached New York, and made several trips across the Atlantic, but the receipts were unequal to the enormous expenses. In 1861 she was utilized as a troop-ship to take the Guards to Canada, but it was not until 1865 that her true vocation was considered to have been found—namely, to lay a telegraph cable between England and America. In this work she was occupied for some years. Two years ago the vessel was taken over by a syndicate, and stationed in the Mersey as a species of People's Palace of Amusement, being subsequently transferred to Dublin. After a brief visit to the Clyde the *Great Eastern* was sent on her last voyage to the Mersey, where, recently, she was beached near New Ferry, on the Cheshire shore, to be eventually handed over to the dismantling hammer. Even to the last her ill-fortune appeared to attend her, as during her journey from the Clyde she encountered a gale, during which the tug was obliged to cast her loose, while her own engines being stopped for a short time, the great vessel became unmanageable, and for hours rolled about at the mercy of the wind and waves.

#### M. LÉGITIME.

After the recent revolution in Hayti, resulting in the fall of General Salomon's administration, on the 10th ult., General Boisrond Canal, ex-President of the republic, was called by the people to maintain public order. On the 24th of the same month the Revolutionary Committees of the Departments of the North, West and South met at Port au Prince and peacefully elected a Provisional Government, as follows: Messrs. Boisrond Canal, Seide Thelemagne, D. Légitime, E. Claude, Hyppolite N. St. Armand, and C. Archin. The different Ministerial Departments are administered by their respective chief clerks, under the direction of the above Provisional Executive. A decree of the Government dissolved the Chambers and called on the people to elect members for a Constituent Assembly, to meet on the 10th prox., to revise or amend the Constitution and elect a President. Among the several Presidential candidates is M. Légitime, whose portrait we give. He held important positions under the late Government, having been at various times Revenue Collector of Port au Prince, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Senator, etc.; and his chances of succeeding General Salomon appear to be good.

#### THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN SOUTH.

NOT a ray of brightness illumines the week's reports from the plague-stricken regions of the South—unless it be in the grateful acknowledgments of the aid, in the form of money, provisions and nurses, which Florida's sister States are sending her. The yellow-fever epidemic is worse than ever in its original stronghold, and its ravages are now threatening a wide and rapid spread in other places. The following is Jacksonville's bulletin for one day last week (September 20th): New cases, 131; deaths, 15; total number of cases to date, 1,464; total number of deaths, 185. Fever cases have appeared in several other Florida towns, including Fernandina. The appearance of the epidemic at Decatur, Ala., has caused a panic, and a refugee from that place died of yellow fever in Louisville, Ky., on the 19th instant. In Jackson, Miss., three unmistakable cases were discovered last week, and great alarm prevails there.

In nearly all the places along the Florida railroad lines, "shotgun quarantine" has been established against the refugees. The health authorities in the other Southern States are also beginning to adopt severe precautionary measures. Scenes like that depicted in the drawing on page 104, which shows the panic caused by the sudden seizure of an unfortunate fever-stricken refugee on board a railway car, are of only too frequent occurrence.

#### A PRIMITIVE MEXICAN MILL.

THE Mexican corn-mill depicted on page 101, from a recent photograph taken at Baviapo, is of the pattern that has been in use from time immemorial, sometimes as a hand-mill, but turned by a horse, camel, ox or ass when constructed on a larger scale, as in the present instance. Livingstone describes, in South Africa, "a mill, such as in Biblical times Sarah used, when told by her lord to do the thing handsomely and in a hurry for the strangers—i. e., a big stone worn quite hollow by the operations of grinding. The upper stone is grasped by both hands, and the weight of the body is brought down on it as it is shoved to the lower part." In the Mexican mill, the upper stone is large and heavy enough to grind by its own weight the meal for the daily *tortillas*. The patient, circumambulating mule is not muzzled, but he is blindfolded by a pair of singular-looking conical extinguishers, which prevent his being distracted from his work by the sight of the grist he is pulverizing.

#### A JAPANESE INTERIOR.

"How describe a Japanese house, where nothing is like anything corresponding to it at home?" writes Henry Norman, in the *New York World*. "From the outside it is an uninviting big black barn; inside it is a spotless doll's-house magnified

a thousand diameters, all wood and wicker and white paper. The entrance-hall is a platform raised a couple of feet above the ground, where you take off your boots if you are a foreigner, or leave your sandals if you are a Japanese. A screen door slides back, and you are in—but that depends upon circumstances. Sometimes you are in one room and sometimes in another. It may be a general sitting-room fifty feet square; it may be a bedroom (if you call early in the morning); or you may find yourself in an improvised sanctum and intruding upon somebody writing labored descriptions for a far-away press. For here walls have not only ears, they have also legs, and when you wish to make a new room, you simply 'form square' by sliding enough panels in their grooves to inclose the space; or at your pleasure all the rooms can be thrown into one, inclosed, in our case, by forty-six panels. Those forming the sides of the house consist each of sixty little paper panes. To wet one's finger, stick it silently into the window and peep through, is thus the natural Japanese counterpart of Occidental surreptitious inspection by the keyhole. The floor is of mats; not mats strewn about, as at home, but solid structures of delicate stuffed wicker, an inch thick, of conventional and regular size, let into the floor, elastic, spotless, immovable, never profaned by even the daintiest of slippers.

"Chairs and tables are, of course, unknown, and the picture of repose is to seat one's self on one's heels. This squatting, by the way, is very painful at first, and like the 'blameless dances' in 'Ruddigore,' 'takes a deal of training.' At meal-times you squat anywhere, and your food is placed before you. When you are tired you throw yourself anywhere on the floor, with no fear of soiling your white linen suit. When evening comes, you do not seek your bedchamber; you simply make it by sliding the walls round the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The rough-and-ready way, according to my American friend, is to tread around on the floor till you find a specially soft mat, and then lay a few walls upon it for a couch. A most luxurious one is to have a *futon* or thick quilt spread out, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it. The chief drawback for a foreigner is that his hip-bone, which is much more prominent than that of a Japanese, is terribly in the way, and my journalism not having yet advanced to graduation upon the plank bed, I have not learned the trick of obliterating the natural projections of the body. But you sleep comfortably in spite of the marauding rat, whose immunity from attack has rendered him equally inquisitive and harmless, and in the morning, when you return from the bath, bed and bedroom have alike disappeared. It is the story of Aladdin domes'icated."

#### THE PECULIARITIES OF CHINESE QUARRELS.

THE *North China Herald* says: "Among a population of such unexampled density, where families of great size are crowded together—three or four generations, with all the wives and children, under one roof—occasions for quarrels are all-pervasive. The sons' wives and children are prolific sources of domestic unpleasantness. Each wife strives to make her husband feel that in the community of property he is the one who is worsted; the elder wife tyrannizes over the younger ones, and the latter rebel. The instinct of the Occidental with a grievance is to get it redressed straightway; that of the Oriental is, first of all, to let the world know that he has a grievance. A Chinaman who has been wronged will go upon the street and roar at the top of his voice. The art of hallooing, as it is called in Chinese, is closely associated with that of reviling, and the Chinese women are such adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues."

"Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse. A man who has had the heads removed from his field of millet stands at the entrance of the alley which leads to his dwelling and pours forth volleys of abuse upon the unknown offender. This has a double value—first, as a means of notifying the public of his loss and his consequent fury, thus freeing his mind; and, secondly, as a prophylactic tending to secure him against the repetition of the offense. Women indulge in this practice of 'reviling the street' from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time until their voices fail. Abuse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screeching themselves red in the face with not an auditor in sight. If the day is a hot one the reviler bawls as long as he (or she) has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterwards returns to the attack with renewed fury. A fight in which only two parties are concerned usually resolves itself into mere hair-pulling; the combatants when separated by their friends shout back to each other maledictions and defiance. The quarrel between Laban and Jacob, recorded in the thirty-ninth chapter of Genesis, when the latter stole away from Laban's house, is a 'photographically accurate account of the truly Oriental performance which the Chinese call making an uproar.'"

#### A WARNING TO JAPANESE LADIES.

A NUMBER of eminent ladies, headed by Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Garfield, have addressed an open letter "to the Japanese women who are adopting foreign dress." The writers warn the Japanese ladies that there are many objectionable features in the dress of women of this side of the world.

From the standpoint of beauty, grace and suitability (the letter goes on), Japanese dress, modeled after the best Japanese standards, is both elegant and refined, and it would take years for Japanese ladies to adapt to themselves and wear with equal grace a costume to which they are entirely unaccustomed. As to economy, European dress, with its ample skirts and trimmings, requires a large amount of material, and even if native stuffs are used, the expense of the costume will be greatly increased, to say nothing of the change and expenditure in household furniture necessary if Western dress be adopted. Foreign carpets, chairs and tables must be added to foreign dress and shoes, and Japanese household interiors, now held up to the world as models of grace, simplicity and harmony, will have to be entirely remodeled.

But it is to the relations of foreign dress to health that the attention of the Japanese ladies is especially directed. Heavy skirts, dangerously close-fitting dress-bodies, "the insidious custom of wearing corsets, far more direful in its consequences than the Chinese custom of compressing the feet of women," are all commented on. Some

of the writers think that the charge of immodesty which is sometimes made against the present Japanese dress could be met by the addition of underclothing.

All these observations are made "that Japanese ladies may be made aware of the dangers of such a course before adopting foreign dress, and that they may be led to stop and consider well before doing what will affect not only their own health, but that of their sons and daughters."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE were 2,744 immigrants landed at Castle Garden on Friday of last week.

SAVANNAH is now the largest cotton port in the United States, and Norfolk second.

A PROVISIONAL Government has been established in Hayti. Order is restored and business is brisk.

TWELVE suits have been brought against a Boston marble firm for importing contract labor.

THE President has nominated John G. Parkhurst, of Michigan, to be United States Minister to Belgium.

THE Young Voters' Club of New York claims that 40,000 young men will cast their first Presidential vote in November.

THE official report of the grain harvest in France places it at about 100,000,000 hectoliters, equal to about 284,000,000 bushels.

MR. S. CORNING JUDD, the Postmaster at Chicago, has been removed, and General W. C. Newberry, President of the Iroquois Club, appointed in his place.

THE House Bill to make the Department of Agriculture one of the executive departments of the Government has passed the Senate, after elimination of the section transferring the Weather Bureau of the Signal Service to that department.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY opens this week under exceedingly favorable circumstances. Every indication points to a larger class than that of last year in each department. The aggregate number in attendance is not likely to fall short of 1,200, and it may considerably exceed that figure. This will give an increase of about 200 over last year.

BORAX deposits were found recently near the seacoast in Curry County, Oregon. The new fields are within a stone's throw of a good harbor, so land carriage, which has handicapped the borax industry in California and Nevada, cuts no figure. The deposit is pronounced by the best local chemists to be superior in quality to any yet discovered, and it is extensive, covering an area half a mile long by 200 yards wide and 30 feet deep. The deposit is volcanic, occurring in large boulders imbedded in volcanic mud.

JAMES E. BEDELL, for many years a confidential clerk in the law firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, in New York city, and having charge of all their real-estate transactions, was accidentally detected last week in a fraudulent transaction in the firm's name. He was arrested, whereupon it transpired that for the past four years he had been practicing an ingenious system of forgery and deception, under cover of his high standing with his employers, by which a number of the firm's clients had been swindled out of sums of money aggregating not less than \$230,000. Bedell was a gambler, and his large salary did not suffice to make up his losses and keep his family, who reside in Brooklyn. The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company is among the heaviest losers by Bedell's rascality.

THE traveling agent who accompanied Mme. Patti in her South American tour gives some interesting information as to the liberal patronage of popular artists in Buenos Ayres and elsewhere. We quote: "Buenos Ayres is a place of only 400,000 inhabitants, but Mme. Patti gave some twenty-four performances there at \$20 a seat and averaged \$18,000 for each performance. At the same time Tomagno, the great tenor, was singing at the other theatre to crowded houses at \$12 a seat. That is a record that neither New York, London nor Paris can equal. In Montevideo Mme. Patti gave eight performances, averaging \$14,000 each. Patti's profits for her South American tour will reach about \$200,000. I don't think she will sing in this country again, though she has expressed a desire to do so."

JUSTICE HORACE GRAY, of the Supreme Court, is putting the finishing touches to the quaintest new house in Washington. It is a reproduction in brick and stone and on a double scale of the ordinary New England farmhouse, with its high-pitched roof and overhanging eaves. It is perfectly plain and rigidly rectangular, and attracts more eyes than its more ornamental and conventional neighbors. "What did you build such a house as that for?" asked a society woman of the tall and handsome bachelor Justice the other day. "For my library, madam," he replied, with his stiff, old-fashioned bow. His library is as dear to him as the apple of his eye. His sister keeps his house—he keeps his library. There is no other law library like it in the United States, except, of course, the all-comprehending National Law Library in the old Supreme Court room in the basement of the Capitol.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—In Geneva, O., Henry C. Corwith, of Chicago, aged 70 years; in Brattleboro, Vt., Joseph N. Balestier, formerly a well-known New York lawyer, aged 74 years. September 16th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. James J. McMeel, pastor of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, aged 46 years; in Clarencerville, L. I., Judge Alexander Steel, aged 75 years; in New York, Thomas Dawson, the well-known sporting writer. September 17th.—In St. Louis, Mo., Colonel George F. Hatch, Assistant United States District Attorney, aged 53 years; in Stamford, Conn., Professor William H. Woodbury, author of German text-books; in Germantown, Pa., John Price Wetherill, the well-known manufacturer, aged 64 years; in Sewickly, Pa., the Rev. Joseph S. Travelli, who introduced the kindergarten system in this country, aged 80 years. September 18th.—In Cambridge, Mass., Colonel Austin C. Wellington, commander of the First Regiment, State Militia, aged 48 years; in Bridgeport, Conn., Gideon Thompson, the oldest citizen of that place, aged 91 years. September 19th.—David Smith, an old and prominent resident of Jersey City, aged 82 years. September 20th.—In Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, Samuel B. Hale, pioneer of United States trade in that capital, aged 84 years. September 21st.—In Boston, Mass., William Warren, the eminent comedian, aged 76 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., James Stewart, aged 86 years; in Fairfield, Ill., the Hon. William H. Robinson, a well-known Western lawyer.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FIFTY Germans, suspected of being spies, have been expelled from France.

THE Manitoba wheat crop is estimated at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 bushels.

It is said that 30 per cent. of the cotton crop of Georgia has been ruined by recent heavy rains.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have decided to amalgamate with the Knights of Labor.

THE rice plantations on the Savannah and Ogeechee Rivers have suffered immense damage by the recent floods.

A St. Louis judge has refused to naturalize a Chinaman, and holds that none but pure whites and negroes are eligible.

SEVERAL persons have died of hydrophobia while under M. Pasteur's treatment, in Paris, and two after their discharge, apparently cured.

YALE UNIVERSITY was opened last week with a Freshman Class of 212 in the academical department and 125 in the scientific department.

THE opening of the Augusta (Ga.) National Exposition has been postponed from October 10th to November 8th, and to close December 15th.

THE United States Senate has passed a joint resolution appropriating \$100,000 for the relief of the suffering caused by yellow fever in Florida.

THE Pillsbury milling firm in Minneapolis, Minn., has just divided \$40,000 among its employees—the mills being run on the profit-sharing plan.

CHILI has seized Easter Island for the purpose of establishing a penal colony. This is the island famous for its grand stone statues standing on huge pedestals.

THE first triennial meeting of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons was held in Washington last week. Many papers of scientific interest were read and discussed.

THE old Libby Prison, in Richmond, has been sold for \$11,000. The idea of the new purchasers seems to be to let the Libby building remain where it is now and throw it open as a public museum.

THE Secretary of the Navy has ordered that one of the vessels of the Pacific Squadron be sent to the Samoan Islands for such service as may be required of it in the protection of American interests.

TWO AMERICAN baseball clubs will go to Australia to play exhibition games during the coming winter. One will be the regular Chicago Club; the other, a picked nine. They expect to leave Chicago about October 20th.

THE town of Paso del Norte, in Mexico, is hereafter to be known as the City of Juarez, in honor of President Juarez, who moved the seat of government to Paso del Norte in 1865, during Maximilian's brief career as Emperor of Mexico.

ADVICES from Stanley Falls state that Professor Janicson, who was engaged in organizing an expedition for the relief of Henry M. Stanley, died of African fever at Bangala, on the Congo, on August 17th. The organization of another relief expedition is now regarded as hopeless.

It looks as if the scheme of confederation of Newfoundland with the Dominion is dead for the present. A largely attended meeting, opposed to confederation, was held in St. John's, last week, and no delegates will be sent to Ottawa, as invited by the Governor-general, to negotiate on the subject of union.

THE sum of \$3,000 has been so far contributed towards the erection, under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Unions, of a monument in Central Park, New York, to the memory of Father Mathew. The present intention is to unveil the monument on October 10th, 1890, the centennial anniversary of Father Mathew's birth.

At the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland at Chicago, last week, General Rosecrans was elected President for the ensuing year. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of recommending to Congress the purchasing of the old battlefield of Chickamauga and erecting a monument there similar to the one at Gettysburg.

THE latest suggestion concerning the origin of yellow fever comes from Dr. Gabier, a French physician. He believes that the disease is analogous to cholera; that it flourishes only under peculiar conditions of race, climate and temperature, and that its first cause is the development of microbes in the intestines. He has received a commission from the French Government to go to Florida and study the disease.

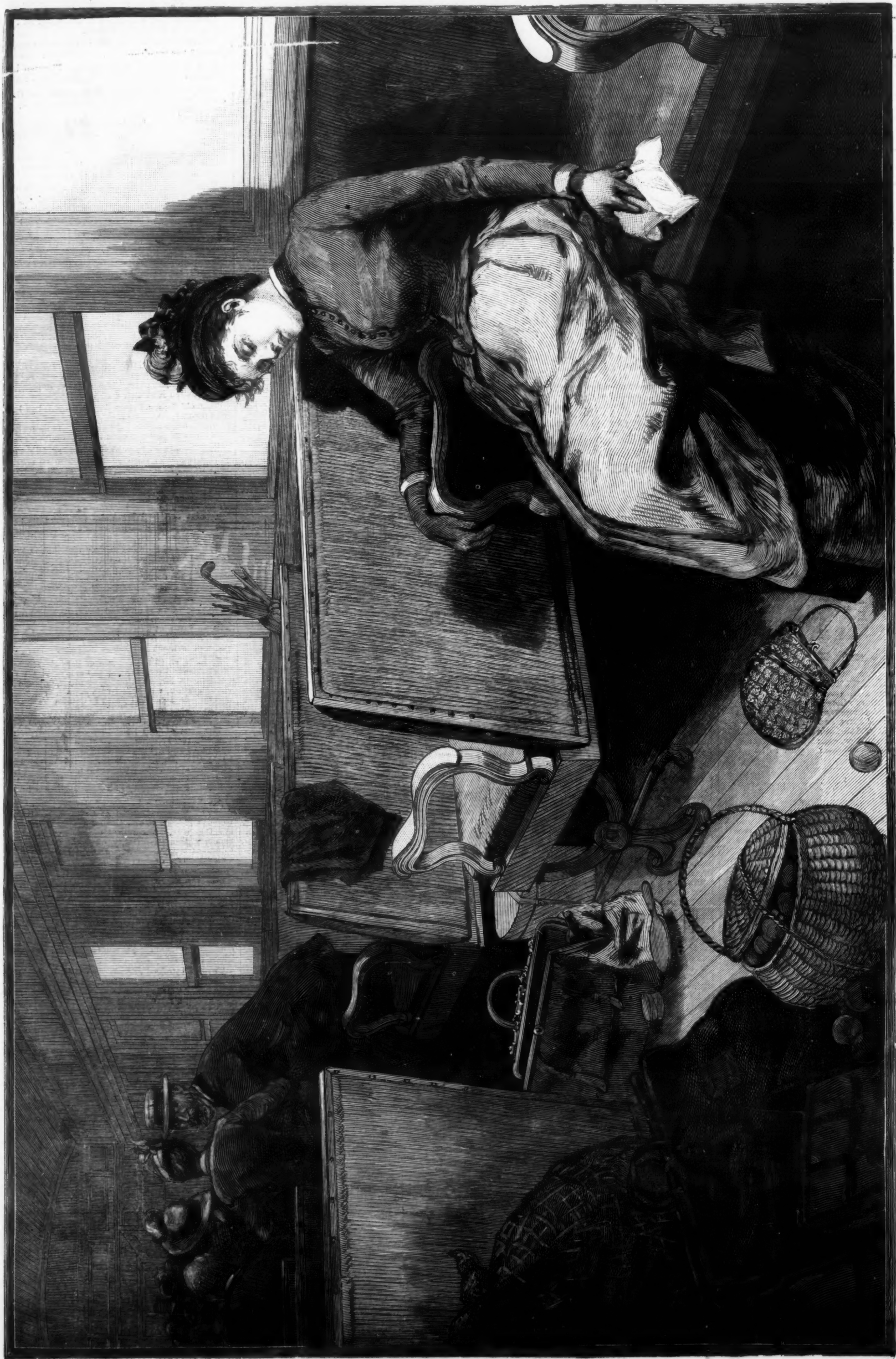
THE two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Swedes in America was celebrated at Minneapolis, on the 14th inst. Many distinguished guests from all over the country were present. One of the most notable of the many letters received in response to invitations came from Secretary Bayard, who claims to have Swedish blood in his veins, and whose mother is buried in the churchyard of the first Swedish church in America—that at Wilmington, Del.

THE old war-vessel *Kearsarge*, that sunk the privateer *Alabama* off Cherbourg, France, on June 19th, 1864, will not be broken up, as was first intended. It was reported that she could not be repaired within the statutory limit of cost to put a wooden vessel in condition for service. It has been found, however, that the engines built for the *Nautasket* can be put in for less than the cost of repairs of the *Kearsarge's* engines, and this will be done. She is now at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard.

It is said that 1,000,000 persons are now studying Volapük. Journals devoted to the propagation of the "universal language" are printed in all parts of Europe, some in America, and one in Japan, edited by a Hollander. The latest addition to the list is the *Van Kua Tung Hua*, published in China by a Chinese. This is a journalistic curiosity. It consists of thirty pages, many of which are specimen pages of a Chinese Volapük lexicon, which is in course of preparation, and which will contain 10,000 words.

RECENT arrivals from the Hawaiian Islands declare that the Government is insolvent, and that nothing can prevent bankruptcy in the near future. The reform Government, which came into power on the downfall of the Gibson Ministry, has simply used any coin in sight to pay current expenses, with no thought of future settlement. The public debt of Hawaii may be put in round numbers at \$2,750,000, for which the only security is Crown lands and Government buildings at Honolulu, which, under forced sale, would not realize half this amount.





SCENE ON A REFUGEE RAILWAY TRAIN IN FLORIDA.—A CASE OF YELLOW FEVER: THE STAMPEDE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES MOTT.—SEE PAGE 103.





CHARACTERISTIC SCENE AT A PENNSYLVANIA FAIR.—A COMPETITIVE BABY-SHOW.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.



## For Dayber's Echo:

THE  
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY  
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF  
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

"IS this Valley Park Academy?" "It is."  
"Can I see the Principal?" "I am the  
Principal." "Is the proprietor at home?"  
"He is in town, a mile and a half down the  
river."

"Will he return soon?"  
"He said he should not be later than noon."  
"Do you have a large school?"  
"No, sir; just at present I have only one  
student."

"The place is for sale, I believe?"  
"I think not."  
"But I saw it advertised."  
"Exactly."  
"By Professor Vincent Basle?"  
"True. I am Professor Basle."  
"What—then—"  
"I sold it yesterday."  
"For how much?"  
"Four thousand five hundred dollars."  
"I will give you five thousand."  
"It is not mine."  
"Six—eight—ten."

The professor smiled. "You are joking, sir,"  
he said.

"I am not joking. I was never more in earnest  
in my life. Cannot the bargain be broken? Can-  
not the sale of yesterday be undone? I will give  
you twenty-five—nay, I will give you fifty thou-  
sand dollars for the place. See the purchaser  
when he returns. Sound him in this matter.  
Compel him to give up the papers, if you can,  
and, if you once get your hands upon them, de-  
stroy them and defy him."

"Are you mad, sir?"

"Mad? No. But God knows I have reason  
enough to be. I will try to be calm. I will try to  
talk sense, and to think reasonably. But oh, if  
you love—love money—power—ease—do your  
best with this man when he comes back. Offer  
him a little; increase your offer if you must;  
and—and—"

The speaker paused. He was looking away  
down the river, down to the level land which  
hardly more than hid the water from them, be-  
yond the next great bend in the course of the  
stream. A great steamboat was coming up the  
river. Already the beating of her ponderous ma-  
chinery could be heard, and one could count the  
strokes of her pistons by the jets of steam given  
out. And the speaker was watching the smoke  
and the steam, as the crystal air of this glorious  
morning swallowed them up, and was wondering  
whether all his hopes and plans were as vague and  
transient and full of unreality as the clouds that  
the coming steamer breathed out about her.

"Well?" said the professor. The monosyllable  
recalled the eager man to his senses.

"Increase your offer again and again, if you  
must."

"Yes."

"Every man has his price."

"Yes."

"Find his. Touch his greed so harshly that he  
cannot escape. Buy back this land; buy it back  
for me; and I'll give you, for your very own, for  
your commission upon the bargain, if you choose  
to call it that, the difference between one hundred  
thousand dollars and the sum you pay him."

"I—I'll try, sir. I'll do my best. But he isn't  
just the sort of person—"

"What sort of a person bought your land?"

"A—man."

"A man?"

"I mean, sir, that he wasn't exactly a gentle-  
man."

"Ah?"

"A long, lean, gannt, hungry, wolfish-looking  
man, with a scar from his forehead to his chin,  
and—"

"Merciful God! And what did he say his name  
is? What did he call himself?"

"Prince Prettyman!"

Dr. Pillah reeled back as though he had been  
struck a deadly blow. All the glory was gone out  
of the morning, and all the hope out of his heart.  
He was one day too late!

For a moment or two all was black before him,  
and the very heavens seemed to away and swing.  
For a little he quite feared he would faint, and  
half hoped he would die.

And then—he thought suddenly of his wife's last  
threat to him. If he could not win Dayber's Echo  
for her, another man—

And he dashed down to the river's edge, deaf to  
the pleading cry of Professor Basle, to signal the  
up boat to stop for him.

The boat swung in. The gang-plank was run  
out. The doctor hurried on board, followed by  
the man whose hopes he had raised to so great a  
height only to dash them down to nothingness.

"Say nothing of this to him, or to anybody,"  
said the doctor, commandingly; "try to forget  
that it ever happened, or that you ever saw me."

He thrust a roll of bank-bills into the hand of  
the astonished professor, and the deck-hands hur-  
ried him ashore as they began to pull in the  
plank.

And both the men were too busy to notice that  
Valley Park Academy lost its only student—a man  
with a taste for psychology and chemistry. He  
might be a stupid fellow, or he might not; it was  
certainly a pair of bright eyes that he turned  
toward the unknown Pillah.

And his self-addressed remark made up in force  
what it lacked in elegance: "I'll not let that fellow

out of my sight until I know what reason there is  
for such a boom in school property."

CHAPTER IV.—THE STATE OF AFFAIRS AT  
DAYBER'S ECHO.

NATHAN DAYBER was certainly a very peculiar  
man—a most eccentric man. His was a na-  
ture of surprises and contradictions. His best  
friends were constantly finding something new in  
his character, usually something to be glad of,  
and to think kindly of in the wakeful hours  
of the night, when the stars shone brightest and  
heaven seemed nearest—but sometimes some-  
thing to shrink from, something to blush about,  
something to try to explain away and apologize  
into nothingness, something to regret having be-  
held, and to be both ashamed and sorry to know.

In many things he was generous—almost too  
generous; but in others he was cruelly and meanly  
greedy. In much, he was frank and open-hearted  
and genial; but when any one reproached him for  
certain of the angles of his many-sided character,  
he found him sullen and secretive and morose.  
Usually, he was trustful and easy in his relations  
with his fellows; but it was not impossible to see  
awful fear and haunting suspicion shining in his  
eyes, sometimes, nor to catch the fearful cadence  
of their undertones in the sound of his voice. Did  
one wrong him, even by malicious intent, he  
was usually the most long-suffering and forgiv-  
ing of men—ready to go out of his way to as-  
sure the wrongdoer of his forgiveness, and that  
before it had been asked or the evil repented  
of. But there were times, too, when, and men  
towards whom, he could be savagely and cruelly  
vindictive, following even unintentional trespass  
with sleepless vigilance and undying hate. Usual-  
ly charitable, he would nevertheless sometimes  
see genuine and deserving want go unrelieved,  
and seem to enjoy the spectacle. Generally prudent,  
and apparently impressed with the truth that  
wealth is a trust, given by God, to be wisely and  
beneficially administered, he could be the most  
careless and wasteful and foolishly extravagant of  
men. Love—whether for his family—his neigh-  
bor—his country—or his God—would shine up in  
his soul so warm and bright as to give glory to  
his face; but it could fade into a sneering and  
cynical indifference too. I grant you that many  
men have contradictions of character; I freely  
admit that evil abides with the good; I cannot  
deny that most men, possibly all, can be summed  
up only by balancing some negative quantities  
against the positive. But these vagaries and pa-  
radoxes were deepened and intensified, in the case  
of Nathan Dayber, a thousand times more than in  
your ordinary and average man. Strong, with  
the strength from which weakness is born; safe,  
in the might that finds danger fearlessly and un-  
wittingly; great, with the greatness which can  
stoop lower than littleness ever did. Surely  
Nathan Dayber needs to finish every day with  
more than a common thanksgiving; surely he  
needs to face every new morning with more than  
a common prayer; surely it may go hard with  
him, very hard, if it should be to the interest of  
any man—or woman—to convince a community  
that his mind is not quite what it should be—that  
Nathan Dayber is not quite Nathan Dayber;  
surely his future may contain unguessed and al-  
most unbearable horror—if the interest of some  
one—or two—in proving him to be mad, should be  
so great as to cause them to try to make him so.

"Do you know Nathan Dayber?" That used to  
be a frequent question, in the days when he was  
a poor man, and a laboriously toiling one, before  
Lionel's dying hand beckoned him to come to  
Dayber's Echo. Even then, few considered it less  
than an honor to know him.

"I am never quite sure whether I know him or  
not." That was the frankest and truest answer  
that the most of his nearest friends could frame,  
and none the less true because of the fact that  
they usually only thought it, and said something  
else.

But one man, more acute than the rest, or hav-  
ing a finer sense of the fitness of words as the  
clothing of ideas, had said to himself: "Do I  
know Nathan Dayber? Indeed I do. I know two.  
Do I love him? Indeed I do. The Nathan Day-  
ber is a good man," he would musingly finish,  
whatever he meant by that. "The other—"

But he was too loyal, or too fearful, ever to finish  
the sentence.

Nathan Dayber's family was not large when he  
came into possession of Dayber's Echo. There  
was Mrs. Dayber, a very faded and sorry-looking  
woman, to whom the restfulness of this new life  
would be of the utmost value—unless, indeed, it  
came too late. There was Maude, a girl of six-  
teen, with a mental development that was marvel-  
ous for her age, but with a body which needed the  
fresh air from the sea, and the long walks and  
rides she might take in the woods which covered  
miles of the ancient domain of the Daybers. And  
last of all, there was a lad of ten—a boy with a  
face like an angel, but a cripple from his birth—  
Lionel was his name. There had been a Lionel  
in every Dayber family since the earliest times  
of which the Dayber records, or legends, had  
anything to say.

Nathan Dayber took naturally to wealth and  
greatness. In an earlier age of the world, he  
would have been a king—unless he had found his  
scrupulousness hindering him from taking some of  
the paths which anciently led to kingship. He  
gave a dinner which was the marvel of those who  
attended. He purchased fine horses, and he and  
all his family used them. He made many improve-  
ments in the house and grounds, and added to the  
furniture, the plate, the picture-gallery and the  
library.

Mr. Dayber spent many hours among his books  
and his pictures, as the summer-time came on,  
while his wife grew younger-looking, and fresher,  
and handsomer. Sometimes he was busy, or else

pretended to be, but oftener he would sit for hours  
in self-confessed idleness. But Mrs. Dayber had  
no care for what he did or did not do. She only  
dreaded the falling of the curse which had so often  
blighted the lives of the Daybers; as long as each  
day seemed to lessen the likelihood of its falling  
near them, she had no other care—had no other  
trouble. She would have given up her home at  
Dayber's Echo, not only willing but almost glad  
to go out into the world of poverty and of toil  
again, if she might only have a strong-souled and  
quick-witted man by her side when she went. She  
felt that she could smilingly give up all the good  
the gods had given her—if only it might be Lionel,  
and not Nathan, who dashed the cup of earthly  
prosperity from her lips.

And all the time, as the days grew into weeks  
and the weeks into months, Fate was waiting, not  
far down the future, ready to turn the delightful  
drama of these Daybers into terrible tragedy.

Neither Maude nor little Lionel knew of the con-  
ditions under which their father held Dayber's  
Echo. Neither one of them guessed of the possi-  
bility of ever being driven out of this Eden. So  
Maude rode her pony up and down the beach, and  
for long distances into the Dayber woods, or into  
the open country beyond, while Lionel dreamed  
over his books and his toys, a very happy boy in  
spite of his dwarfed and misshapen body. So  
neither one of these children suffered. And so  
Mrs. Dayber had to carry her load of doubt and  
fear alone. For she would not worry Nathan with  
it at all.

It was not a very heavy load that circumstance  
laid upon Mrs. Dayber's shoulders at first. It  
may be that Fate was disciplining and strengthen-  
ing her, slowly, for the future pain foreordained  
for her. But, later, she saw the shadow of the  
coming trouble, and dared not doubt it was genu-  
ine. Nathan took to walking along the sands at  
the most unreasonable hours; he took to sitting  
in the graveyard of the Daybers at night-time;  
he found it necessary to his happiness to go fre-  
quently up to Echo Rock, where he would sit and  
listen for hours, as though the huge ledge had  
some weird and uncanny tale to tell—some story  
with a deeper meaning than it had heard from  
bird or beast or storm or night; from the mur-  
mur of the breeze along the wooded slopes, or  
the thunder of the hurricane at sea.

Reader, did you ever know a mad man? Did  
you ever watch one? Did you ever try to guess  
how the disarranged functions of a wrecked in-  
tellect would work to-morrow? and the day after  
to-morrow? and the day after that?

Did you ever try to predict what a day—or an  
hour—or a minute, even—may bring forth? Have  
you endeavored to be forewarned and forearmed  
against the time when a weakened will-power shall  
flame up in one overwhelming blaze, while all  
things else—affection—reason—all—are no more  
than the scattered and forgotten ashes of obliv-  
ion? Have you striven to be prepared to be  
ready-handed and cool-headed in the hour when  
affection shall turn to unreasoning hate, and  
placid indifference to murderous frenzy? Have  
you given the hours you needed for sleep to an  
impotent attempt to determine the unknown quan-  
tities upon which depend the structure of chaos?  
Unless you can say "Yes," you cannot begin to  
imagine the horror which haunted Nathan Day-  
ber's wife in those lingering Summer days.

She was watching a man go mad—a man she  
loved, the man her children called by the name of  
"father." And she must watch alone. And she  
must make no sign. For the sake of her delicate  
daughter, for the sake of her crippled son, if God  
sent the curse of the Dayber race to her husband,  
she must keep it a secret from the world—if she  
could; and if not—for as long as she could, at  
least.

Can you imagine what it is to see a man go in-  
sane? Not to go in a moment—go from mental  
health and vigor—to blank-faced idiocy or ir-  
responsible wickedness—go as though something  
had suddenly broken in the brain, and so let the  
whole mental fabric fall into one sudden and utter  
ruin—no, not that. But to see him go, day by  
day, little by little, while one can neither hinder  
nor help.

Do you understand what it is to hope one hour,  
and to despair the next? Can you tell me the feel-  
ings of one who watches, uncertain whether a  
loved one is still sane to-day—or was mad yester-  
day? Are there words in any language which can  
paint the horror which fills the soul of one who  
sees a friend die—die slowly, but die surely and  
inevitably, while the body in which that friend  
dwelt still lives on, seemingly as vigorous, in all  
its merely animal powers, as it ever was, and while  
the watcher knows that that life may outlast the  
allotted threescore years and ten?

Alas and alas for Mrs. Dayber! Alas and alas  
for her stricken husband! Alas and alas for the  
woman who can sit, with her clean hands, and do-  
ing nothing, while all the powers of one man's in-  
famy are engaged against these suffering ones!  
And, most of all, alas and alas for the man who  
stains his hands—the man who weakly does the  
wicked work!

It was June. It was in March that Lionel Day-  
ber died; it was in March that Nathan Dayber  
came to live at Dayber's Echo.

There had been a thunderstorm early in the  
morning, and a fearful gale had swept the sea.  
But, later, the clouds had gone away, the sky had  
become clear and deep and azure, and the land  
seemed to have forgotten—or forgiven—the  
harshness of the touch which the spirit of the  
storm had placed upon it. Even the stricken sea  
was growing less noisy and complaining.

The moon was full. The night was warm.  
Standing in the doorway of the great mansion,  
one could hear the huge rock talking to the tide  
upon the sea, and to the grave-grown grasses on  
the hill.

Mr. Dayber was away—as usual. Mrs. Dayber

sat in the great library, and patiently awaited his  
return—as was usual. But, upon this night, she  
had brought Maude and Lionel in to watch and  
wait with her—as was far from usual. She felt,  
somehow, as though the crisis were coming—as  
though the impending danger was about to fall.  
Her nerves were all a-tingle with excitement. She  
was waiting, but she had no doubts regarding that  
for which she waited. She found herself wonder-  
ing and speculating as to how she should feel and  
think and act—when the blow had really fallen.

Her senses seemed to be wonderfully acute. She  
never saw so clearly in the moonlight in all her  
life before, and she curiously watched her hus-  
band, sitting near an open window that she might  
do so, as he walked to and fro, in the place sacred  
to the dead Daybers, between Echo Rock and the  
sea.

She had never heard more clearly. The winds  
in the trees on the hill yonder seemed speaking to  
her rather than to the man she loved—the man  
who walked beneath their sombre shade. A strange  
notion flashed into her mind, and would not be  
driven out; could it be possible, she pondered,  
that greater powers had come to her because she  
must soon do all the accurate seeing and the true  
hearing for the man as well as for herself!

She saw her husband pause. The moonlight  
was brighter, just there, than it was elsewhere,  
reflected as it was from the monument which  
stood there to tell the virtues of Lionel, the most  
recently dead of the Daybers. And she did not  
let her glance falter in the least. She was watch-  
ing him with the same careful constancy that a  
loyal mother gives to a sick child. She was wist-  
fully wondering if all the evil would be done, and  
all her hopes undone, when he came home to her  
that night.

Suddenly a terrible cry came down the hill to  
her. It was her husband's voice that sounded in  
it. She knew that it frightened her, though she  
felt she could not understand what passions or  
emotions gave it character—or mingled so inhar-  
moniously as to leave it characterless. Possibly  
this was what frightened her most of all.

She noticed, too, though she could not be sure  
whether it was joy or grief, sorrow or exultation,  
fear or triumph, which made up the body of the  
great wave of sound which swept down upon her,  
that it had in it the vague undertone and mysteri-  
ous whisperings which were the legacy of Echo  
Rock. In a word, she had heard her husband's  
cry; she had heard the echo of it! And there was  
a legend—

But pshaw! She had no faith in legend nor in  
tradition. She simply sat and watched her hus-  
band, as he stood silent, bareheaded and in a list-  
ening attitude, for a minute or two, and then  
turned his steps slowly homeward. She watched  
him come, and her heart sank within her. He did  
not hurry; he did not hesitate. He turned neither  
to the right nor the left. There was nothing weak  
nor unsteady in a motion he made. And still—she  
tried to find it in her heart to be resigned, and to  
bow submissively to the will of God. Still—she  
knew that the blow had fallen. And it was his  
gait that told her—his gait that had grown auto-  
matic and machine-like, and which had a machine-  
like exactness and perfection. She need watch no  
longer; she need wait but little; she needed all her  
powers of action, and soon. For it was an animal,  
an irresponsible animal, but an animal with all a  
man's certain cunning and possible treachery, and  
with a myriad markedly individual habits which  
long years had branded upon the lower nerve-cent-  
res and the muscular fibres; an animal with her  
husband's body and blood, and with all that had  
made Nathan Dayber Nathan Dayber—except that  
which makes a man a man instead of merely an ani-  
mal—that was coming down the hill to her.

She turned and looked at her children. One  
was running her fingers silently over the keys of a  
piano. One was tenderly touching the illuminated  
parchment pages of an old and almost priceless  
volume. They had seen nothing! They had heard  
nothing!

Nathan Dayber came in. He did not look very  
unlike the Nathan Dayber of yesterday. Profes-  
sional eyes might have failed to see the change  
that love recognized and appreciated instantly.  
Yet, even to the eyes of love, the change was so  
much less than she had feared, that for one wild,  
blissful moment she dared hope there had been  
no change—she dared pray God she had been  
mistaken.

But she had made no mistake. There was some-  
thing lacking in his eyes—his face—in him. She  
had a secret to keep, God helping her. Nathan  
Dayber was insane!

(To be continued.)

HON. WILLIAM E. MASON,

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM THE  
THIRD ILLINOIS DISTRICT (CHICAGO).

WE present on page 109 a portrait of Hon. Wil-  
liam E. Mason, Representative in Congress  
from the Third Illinois District, comprising part  
of the City of Chicago. While the present is the  
first term of Mr. Mason in Congress, he has al-  
ready made a national reputation as an orator  
and a sharp, incisive speaker. He is one of the  
really few members of Congress who commands  
attention whenever he rises to speak, and those  
who hear him are always instructed and enter-  
tained. His previous experience in the Illinois  
House of Representatives and State Senate espe-  
cially fitted him for the duties of Representative,  
for, with all his oratorical ability, he is a splendid  
parliamentarian. In person he is short and stout,  
and, as his portrait indicates, is a very handsome  
gentleman, bearing a striking resemblance to the  
late Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois—so much so,  
in fact, that his friends call him the "Little  
Giant." During his service in the House he has  
originated several most important measures of  
legislation. The entire investigation of the sub-  
ject of "Trusts" is being made under a resolution  
introduced by him. Two hundred thousand cop-  
ies of his speech on the tariff, following that of  
Hon. S. S. Cox, and considered a most able and



intelligent presentation of the subject from a Republican standpoint, have been printed and circulated.

The success of Mr. Mason as a campaign speaker has attracted considerable attention throughout the country. His wit and his humorous method of handling his opponent never fail to win applause. He is considered invaluable in the conflict for Harrison and Morton.

Mr. Mason was born, July 7th, 1850, in Franklinville, Cattaraugus County, N. Y. He served in the Illinois House of Representatives and State Senate before his election to Congress. That he will be retained by his constituents in the House there is no doubt. He is a lawyer by profession, and is at the head of the well-known Chicago law firm of Mason, Ennis & Bates.

#### A PENNSYLVANIA BABY-SHOW.

THE farmers in certain districts of Pennsylvania have a laudable custom of entering their babies for competition at the county agricultural fairs, along with their fat steers, mammoth pumpkins, rosy cheeked apples and new-fangled threshing-machines. The baby crop is duly catalogued, numbered, and displayed in a separate annex, and a tempting array of gifts and prizes is offered for the infant which, according to the popular vote, outpoints all the others in good looks, amiability, and other desirable qualities in an offspring. Every person attending the fair receives at the gate a slip of paper, on which the number of the baby preferred is to be written, to serve as a ballot. The amount of canvassing and "whooping up" that is done by persuasive mothers and pretty sisters, cousins and aunts, in behalf of the respective baby candidates, would astonish a politician. Stranger or no stranger, the visitor is pounced upon by a whole bevy of fair creatures, who press upon him cards inscribed somewhat after this fashion:

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY  
SOLICITED FOR  
ABRACADABRA SWARTOUT,  
IN THE  
COMPETITIVE BABY-SHOW  
AT THE  
SCRABBLEHILL COUNTY FAIR.

The frightened visitor receives all these solicitations in a smiling way that seems to promise more than he can possibly perform, without stuffing the ballot-box. Then he furtively scribbles on his slip of paper a number which he would not reveal for the whole world, drops it in the ballot-box, and gets out. He knows that when the result of the vote is announced there is going to be trouble.

It really seems as if, with such a fine lot of babies as these competitions call out, more than one prize ought to be awarded. At a big fair in Lancaster County, last week, there were thirty "exhibits" in this line, and the little fellow who carried the election "scooped in" stakes to the value of \$500.

#### HOP-PICKING IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

THE green hop-fields of Oneida and the adjoining counties of the interior of the Empire State are visible at a flying glimpse through the car-windows of passing trains on the New York Central Railroad; and a most fair and fragrant scene they make. But few of the tourists see anything more of the hops, unless through a casual encounter with the essence of them, some months later, in the form of beer.

Those weeks of sunny weather that fall about the dividing line where Autumn comes, but Summer lingers, are times of excessive activity and animation on the hop-farms. Each farm has its hop-yards and drying-kilns. The former are dense jungles of the deepest, darkest green, while light-colored clusters of hops hang thickly about the bending poles. These odorous jungles of vines are populous with the pickers, who have flocked to the region to work at the harvest. During the brief season, there is work for all, and the home workers are reinforced by crowds of people, mostly young and merry, and of both sexes, from the surrounding country, and even from the large cities. Mothers bring their children along. Indians come from their reservations, and Italian laborers occasionally drop their toilsome jobs on the railroads, for a fortnight of profitable recreation in the hop-fields.

The poles, with the laden vines attached, are pulled up bodily out of the ground by men employed for that purpose, and brought to the large wooden boxes into which the hops are picked. The pickers are paid by the box, at rates varying from twenty-five to forty cents, according to the accommodations as to board and lodging which are provided by the employer. As soon as a box is filled, it is emptied into a sack, and these sacks are taken to the drying-kiln, to be brimstone-cured to a scientific degree of whiteness. Then they are bagged again for shipping.

If the days in the hop-fields are full of labor, the evenings are gay enough—so gay, indeed, that not a few of the young people enlist for the season's picking solely on account of the fun to be derived from it. For there are "hops" of the peripatetic fashion, and scarcely an evening passes that some great barn is not cleared or some local hall hired, for a grand "social dance," to which "one and all" are invited by flaming hand-bills. Altogether, the hop-picking season presents a curiously picturesque mixture of revelry and toil.

#### TRAVEL IN AND OUT OF NEW YORK.

THE New York Sun, in an article on the railway traffic in and out of this city, says: "A statement of the traffic of twenty-four hours will seem incredible to most people, but it is solemn truth that 1,672 regular passenger trains enter and leave the depots of New York and her sister cities in the course of a single day. This is exclusive of excursion and race trains, which largely increase the number. Less than 500 trains were run daily ten years ago. There are about 50 per cent. more trains in the Summer than at other seasons of the year, mainly to meet the travel to the neighboring pleasure resorts. The Long Island road leads all the others in this Summer service, adding to its 212 regular trains of the main line and northern division 345 trains to Coney Island, Rockaway and Long Beach, making 557 in all, or one-third of the number for all the roads put together. But 1,114 trains keep their place on the schedule during blizzard as well as Summer weather. The

roads other than the Long Island add 25 per cent. additional trains for the Summer traffic. The 557 trains which enter and leave the depots of the Long Island Road at Long Island City, Bushwick, Flatbush and Bay Ridge do not include the Rapid Transit trains from the Flatbush Station in Brooklyn, which partake more of the character of the street-cars.

"The Erie Depot in Jersey City receives and sends out the next largest number of trains daily. For all the roads which use that terminus there are 228 trains. Two hundred and sixteen trains use the Grand Central Depot, and 204 the Pennsylvania Depot in Jersey City. The Central of New Jersey at Communipaw and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western come next in the number of trains.

"It takes between 7,000 and 8,000 coaches and drawing-room cars daily to carry the traveling public of the metropolis. The number of people who entered the city and went out again during the year ending May 1st last was 40,188,000, which is not far from the total population of the United States at the last census.

"The passenger earnings form a very considerable part of the total earnings of the roads centering hereabouts. In the case of several of them the revenue from this source is much greater than that from freight. On the Pennsylvania's New York division the passenger receipts for 1887 were three-quarters of those from freight. It is well known that the New Haven Road makes most of its money from passengers. The passengers over the Long Island Road emptied \$2,020,478 into Austin Corbin's coffers last year, while the freight brought in \$834,748.

"Of the 40,000,000 passengers during the year ending May 1st last the Long Island Road carried about one-fifth, or 8,000,000. The Pennsylvania Road came next with 6,367,000. The total number entering and leaving the Grand Central Station was 8,880,903. There was very little difference between the number of people coming in and the number leaving, but the latter were a few thousands in excess. The average daily ebb and flow of people was 111,000.

"A large percentage of this travel is as regular and certain as the vibrations of a pendulum, consisting of the daily passage of commuters to and from business in this city. This business element embraces numerous classes, from the millionaire to the clerk who finds it both pleasanter and cheaper to live with his family in the country. These commuters spread out over a radius of twenty-five miles from the city, and it is to their convenience that the roads cater. The Long Island Railroad sold last year 30,534 monthly tickets, an average of 2,544 per month. Each of the 30,534 tickets had 60 coupons attached, so 1,832,040 trips were made on these tickets during 1887. This is 20 per cent. of last year's travel. Twenty-four per cent. of the passengers on the Harlem Road are commuters; 25 per cent. of the New York Central, and 35 per cent. of those on the Erie Road. For all the Pennsylvania roads in New Jersey the total number of commuters last year was 796,150, which is 27 per cent. of all. The business of New York was 35 per cent. of all the travel over the entire State of New Jersey."

#### AN INVENTION BY THE DANISH EDISON.

THE spectro-telegraph is not a new invention, but a Danish physicist, Dr. Paul la Cour—surnamed "Denmark's Edison"—has constructed a new spectro-telegraphic apparatus on a principle of his own, which promises to become important, and which he now exhibits at the Copenhagen Exhibition. On the high roof of the establishment National, some distance from the exhibition, he has placed an apparatus which, when seen from the Exhibition grounds, shows a vertical steady spectrum. On being examined by a specially constructed telescope, a number of red and blue dots and lines are seen to appear and disappear exactly in the same manner as the dots and lines on the tape of a Morse telegraphic apparatus. This is spectro-telegraphy, and, by the aid of this apparatus and the telescope, messages may be transmitted at night with the same exactitude as by the electric wire. The invention will be particularly valuable in navigation, as, for instance, two ships may signal to each other without any fear of being misunderstood, while the beam from a light-house or harbor-light may be made to flash any message to a passing vessel.

#### MULBERRY-LEAVES.

MRS. JOHN LUCAS is the President of the Women's Silk-culture Association of the United States, and she is assisted in the work of its management by twenty-one ladies, with the benefit of the counsel of twenty-three gentlemen. She says: "The eighth year of the existence of the association finds us still going forward with the work we first planned, as a benevolent scheme, to aid the women of our country to engage in producing one of the finest and most valuable products of the world's market."

This lady, in her report to the Washington authorities, calls attention to the fact that projects of new ideas rarely reap the financial results that flow from them, and says: "The mission of the past years of this association has been to interest and awaken those in positions adapted to a practical application of our theories—namely, the agricultural people, who shall be the future silk-producers, and the statesmen, who shall aid with money, sagacity and public interest the early days of this new American industry. To-day, in our whole country, north, south, east and west, the agriculturists are experimenting, and tree-planting is being prosecuted, while, in this present session of Congress, a third Bill is being introduced (the former two for smaller amounts having been successful), asking for an appropriation of \$150,000 to aid and foster this new effort among our 60,000,000 of people. This act, in itself, proves that our subject, 'Silk-culture for American Agriculturists,' has not been offered in vain. Thus, too, we see established at this date three stations of silk-culture, independently of what the National Bureau at Washington is doing; and theirs is no mean work, having introduced the Serrell reeling system and a Bureau of Information, as well as for the distribution of seed and purchase of cocoons. This association has thus given the stimulus to new and progressive experiments, and aided to concentrate and shape all the desultory and spasmodic efforts that in past years have been made in various parts of our country in silk-culture. California and Florida offer excellent fields, and have been among the first to experiment; but Ohio now leads the rest in quality of result from such efforts. Our work, however, has been more than simply experimental, for, while we have led

others to this necessary beginning, we have sent to our different silk manufacturers thousands of pounds of commercial reel silk, manipulated from the agricultural product."

#### PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM "TRUTHFUL JAMES."

"At a wedding in London," writes a correspondent, "there was a guest who seemed notable from the attention he attracted. His face was deeply lined, but very red—perhaps the word ruddy would convey a better notion of the tint—the close-clipped mustache was black, and the hair, as white as snow, parted in the middle and allowed to fall over the forehead in a fashion that suggested studied disorder. It was the first time I had ever seen Bret Harte, and while I looked at him, a man told me about a dinner at which the Western novelist and George Augustus Sala were present. Sala had been asked to meet Harte, and when he arrived, the resentment over a parody that Harte had once written, satirizing the London correspondent's style, still rankled in Sala's bosom. The host took him by the arm, as the guests stood in the drawing-room waiting for dinner to be announced, and said: 'Let me present to you Mr. Bret Harte, Sala.'"

"'Thanks, no,' said the other, shortly, and in a pointedly loud and aggressive tone. 'I don't care to know him.'"

"There was a dead hush for a moment. It was broken by Harte's remarking, in a tone of placid inquiry, to the host: 'Is it possible that men allow themselves to drink as heavily as this before dinner?'"

"The assumption that no man could be so unpardonably rude unless actually drunk pleased the Englishmen. They crowded around the novelist, and Sala left the house before meal-time."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Lick Observatory is to have a rival situated in Colorado, 5,000 feet above the sea-level. The main instrument will be a twenty-inch telescope.

AN "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of about one hundred tons on an acre of ground.

WHEN ebony becomes discolored, wash with a strong decoction of nut-gall to which a quantity of iron filings has been added. Its natural blackness becomes more intense.

THE new Julian electric car began making regular trips over the Fourth Avenue street-railroad line, in New York city, last week. The intention is gradually to replace the horse-cars altogether.

A NOVEL electric railway is undergoing construction in a suburb of St. Paul, Minn. The railroad is an elevated structure, and the cars are hung below it close to the street-level. They hang from sets of wheels taking their power from the tracks, which are charged with electricity. A speed of from eight to ten miles an hour is claimed for the cars.

THERE is now on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, London, a steam-lifeboat built of steel. It is absolutely unsinkable, is uncapsizeable, worked with twin screws placed in a position where they will not be lifted out of the water, and can be raised instantly on coming to shore. The engines and fires are perfectly protected, and the draught of the vessel, with fifteen men on board, is only twelve inches.

IN Oakland, Cal., and other places, compressed air is now successfully used for operating switches having an interlocking apparatus. The system is, in fact, very extensively used on several of our principal railways. It takes up less space than mechanical-locking machinery, and the labor of working it is very light. The ground connections can be buried out of the way, and can be led out from the tower in any way most convenient.

THE new comet discovered by Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, on September 2d, is now said to be about twice as far from the earth as the sun is, or about 190,000,000 miles, and is at the same time about 170,000,000 miles from the sun. The comet and the earth are moving towards each other at the rate of about 3,000,000 miles daily. About the middle of November the comet will be sixty times as bright as it was when discovered.

AN international congress of nearly five hundred physicians lately in session in Paris was practically unanimous that consumption, or tuberculosis, is contagious and transmissible between man and beast. There was unanimity also as to the prime necessity of boiling milk and cooking meat well as a preventive of much of the consumption which now afflicts the human race. None of these conclusions are new, but they derive additional force from the unanimity with which they were declared and accepted as facts well established.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Carpenter and Builder* gives a very useful hint as to how to make a room tolerably cool during hot weather. The great cause of heat in a room is, of course, the glass, which, under the sun's rays, will become too hot to bear pressing with the fingers. It is shown that those who cannot enjoy the luxury of an outside sun-blind can extemporize a very good substitute by simply lowering the upper half of the window-frame and turning the curtains outside. This not only screens the window, but creates a strong draught between the panes and the linen, and thus absolutely makes the glass cold.

A NEW method of measuring a current of electricity has been devised by Professor George Forbes, which is extremely simple in principle, and cannot fail to be an important addition to the list of modern electrical inventions. The action of the meter depends upon the heating power of the electric current. Before passing into the lamp or motor, the whole or part of the current passes through a flat, horizontal coil of wire, above which is suspended a little wheel provided with inclined vanes like a miniature windmill. As the coil becomes heated by the current the hot air rises and sets the wheel in motion, and the number of revolutions, which are proportional to the amount of electricity used, are registered by gear-wheels connected with it, the same as in an ordinary gas-meter. Variations in the strength of the current heat the coils more or less and cause the registering-wheel to turn faster or slower. Unlike all other meters, it is adapted to measuring alternating currents of electricity, in which the direction is reversed many times a second, as well as the currents which flow continuously in the same direction.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THOMAS A. EDISON is studying the problem of aerial navigation.

THE pugilist John L. Sullivan is seriously ill at a seaside resort in Massachusetts.

A BRILLIANT reception was given to the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew by the Union League Club of New York on the 19th inst.

MARK TWAIN says that he has no difficulty in sustaining the rôle of an M.A., but the part of PA often gives him a good deal of trouble.

JUDGE WALTER Q. GRESHAM has returned to Chicago. He says that, as he is on the Bench, he will not take any part in the campaign.

JAMES McMILLAN, the Michigan millionaire, who is booked to succeed Senator Palmer, was at the age of twenty-one a hardware clerk at \$15 a month.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., in an address at a recent conference of Radical members, expressed the belief that the rupture in the Liberal party cannot be healed.

MR. JOHN DILLON has been unconditionally released from prison. He announces that he will apply himself to the struggle in behalf of Ireland more diligently than ever.

THE German Emperor appears to be a hard worker, giving himself up to his official duties so completely that he often does not get over five hours' sleep out of twenty-four.

A BILL to authorize the President to appoint General William S. Rosecrans a Brigadier-general on the retired list of the Army has been introduced in the United States Senate.

JUDGE THURMAN is still suffering from rheumatism. He will not deliver any more political speeches until after October 8th, when he will argue the telephone cases in Washington if his health permits.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE continues to live in retirement, hard at work on his history of the late German Emperor's illness. The date of publication is not yet definitely fixed upon, but will not be much longer delayed.

THE movement for a monument to General Pickett, of the Confederate Army, over his grave at Richmond, Va., is enlisting widespread interest, and many veterans of the Union Army have expressed a desire to aid it.

MISS NELLIE BAYARD, the fifth daughter of the Secretary of State, is announced as one of the debutantes of the coming social season at Washington. The daughter of Attorney-general Garland will also make her formal debut. She presides over her father's household.

THE young Englishman who committed suicide at the Hoffman House, in New York city, a fortnight ago, has been identified as Edwin V. Seeborn, whose dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" took London by storm last Winter, and is at present on the boards in Boston.

THE new Governor-general of Canada and Lady Stanley have seven children, only one of whom is a girl. The ages of the four sons who generally go about with their parents on their vice-regal journeys range from seventeen to twenty-one. The eldest son, Edward, is in England, and is the future Lord Stanley.

MRS. PROCTOR, the widow of the late Professor Richard A. Proctor, arrived from Florida in time to be present at the temporary interment of her husband's body in Greenwood Cemetery on Monday of last week. There were no funeral services. Mrs. Proctor has since left for England. She may, upon her return, remove her husband's body to Florida for interment.

THE laziest man on earth has been discovered in St. Louis. He was arrested on the charge of idling and his name appeared on the docket as John Smith, because he was too lazy to give his name. When arrested, he told the officer he did not work because he was too tired, and in court he was too lazy to speak. When asked if he was alive, he replied he did not know.

THE celebration on the 20th inst. of the silver jubilee, or twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood, of Archbishop Corrigan, was signalized by impressive ceremonies in the cathedral in New York, the reading of addresses from the clergy and laity, the presentation of \$18,400 by the clergy of the archdiocese, and a jubilee offering of \$10,000 by Eugene Kelly for the new seminary.

THE Empress of Austria, who is by no means in good health, starts shortly on a yachting cruise which is to extend to the Canary Islands and Madeira. The Empress will be accompanied by her youngest daughter, the accomplished Archduchess Valerie, who has recently become subject to epileptic fits; and she has expressed her intention of entering a convent unless the physicians who attend her are able to hold out hopes of a complete cure.

THE new Chief-justice of Utah, Mr. Sandford, has signalized his accession to the Bench by imposing almost the lightest possible sentence on one of the most offensive of all Mormons, George Q. Cannon, who pleaded guilty to unlawful cohabitation on two counts. The usual sentence for this offense is six months' imprisonment and \$300 fine on each count. Cannon is let off with a total fine of \$450 and 175 days' imprisonment on the two counts.

THE *General*, the famous old locomotive that played a very prominent part in one of the most thrilling episodes of the late civil war, was taken to Columbus to the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and is now back in Georgia performing its regular duties on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. With the old engine went Captain W. A. Fuller, who, after a long chase, recaptured the machine which the Federals had stolen from his train.

ROBERT M. HOOPER, Esq., for fifteen years Vice Consul-general of the United States at Paris, is now in New York, on a brief visit. Mr. Hooper was removed from the office he had so capably filled, for purely partisan reasons, his successor being a person who does not speak French, and who knows nothing of the service, but who is "sound" politically. Mr. Hooper's friends will be glad to learn that he has lost nothing by his unjust treatment at the hands of the Government, as he has already accepted a much better position, financially—as a Paris representative of the well-known law firm of Couderet Brothers of this city—than that from which he was ejected in defiance of all Civil-service regulations.





1. PICKING HOPS. 2. THE LAST LOAD: PICKERS RETURNING. 3. BAGGING HOPS.  
**THE HOP INDUSTRY IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.**  
 FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES.—SEE PAGE 107.





1



ILLINOIS.—HON. WILLIAM E. MASON, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM CHICAGO.

PHOTO. BY MERRITT & VAN WAGNER.—SEE PAGE 106.

UP THE PENOBSCOT.

THE steamer entering the Penobscot Bay from the Atlantic skirts the bold, wooded peninsulas and capes of Knox County, and makes its first stop at Rockland. If it be early twilight, the passengers may lean over the rail and see two weather-beaten "old salts" rowing out in their dory to the end of the long breakwater, whose granite arm shields the quaint little harbor from the rude



2



1. ENTRANCE TO PENOBSCOT RIVER. 2. WINTERPORT, ON THE PENOBSCOT. 3. LIGHTING THE BEACON AT THE ROCKLAND BREAKWATER.

ALONG THE COAST OF MAINE.  
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.



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### Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned."

—J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.  
"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time." — E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

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"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition." — T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

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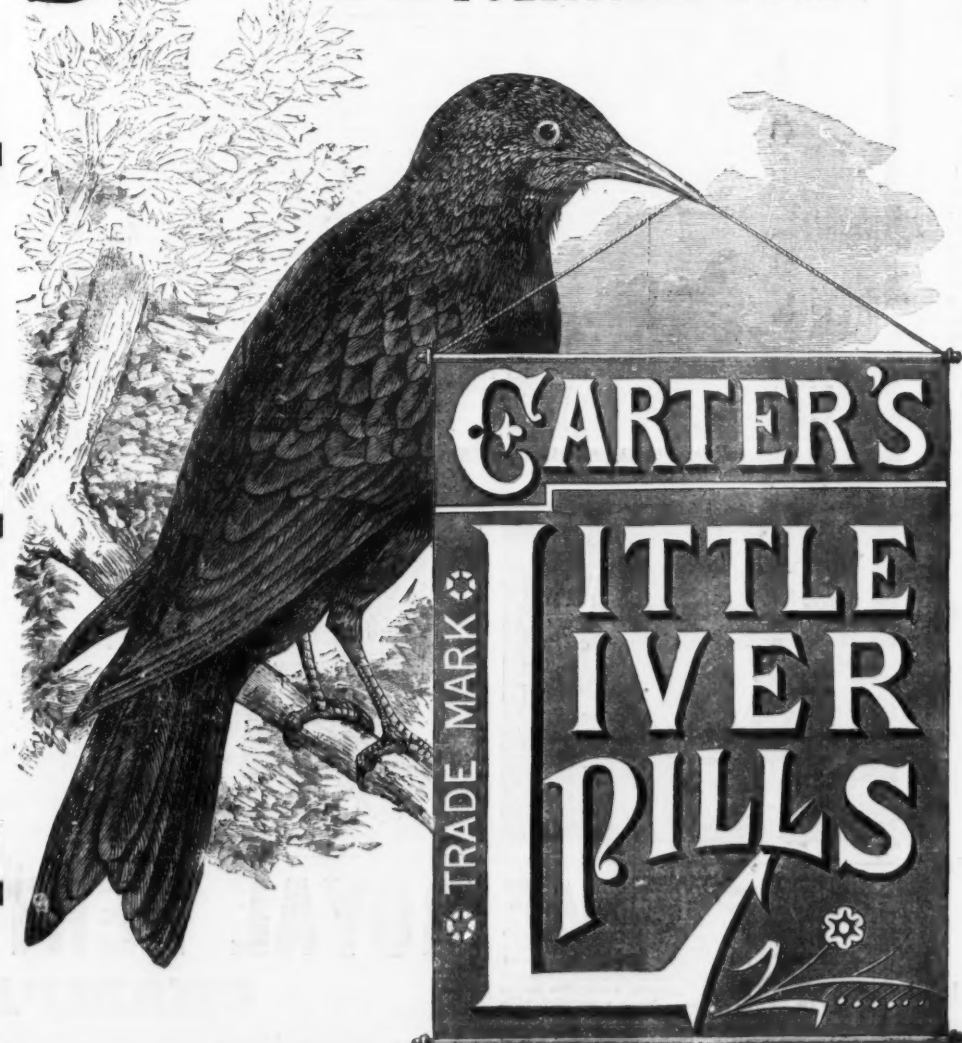
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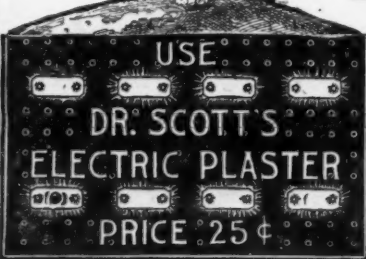
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